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MAXINE SULLIVAN
(She taught the nation to sing Loch Lomond—See page 70)

CONJURE MAN

A new story by

OCTAVIA B. WYNBUSH

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COLLEGE AND SCHOOL NEWS

Cheney (Pa.) State Teachers College inaugurated its $396,950 new building program with appropriate ceremonies, Saturday, Jan. 29, 1938. Being erected are a faculty 2-family house, laboratory school, administration building, home economics building, remodelling of present administration building (Humphreys Hall) as an industrial arts center with psychological and science laboratories, and new additions to the men's dormitory (Burleigh Hall), the women's dormitory (Bailey Hall) and to the power plant. Buildings will be in quiet Colonial style harmonizing perfectly with present structures. WPA is constructing a $20,000 athletic field, and a new water supply is being installed. **Dr. Leslie Pinckney Hill,** Cheyney's able president, was recently elected trustee of the Community Fund of Philadelphia and vicinity whose Board distributes $3,000,000 annually to 115 white and colored member agencies.

Morehouse College senior Carl W. Rhetta '38, was the only Negro college delegate at the National Student Federation's 13th annual meeting at Albuquerque's University of New Mexico. Rhetta is president of the Morehouse Student Activities Committee.

Morehouse delegates to the recent National Assembly at Miami University, Oxford, O., were Benjamin J. Anderson, '39, and Alfonson L. Lowry, '39.

Howard University's Miss Camille Nickerson has recently had her musical composition "Creole Lullaby" warmly praised as "a beautiful work" by J. Fred Lissfelt the Pittsburgh (Pa.) *Sun-Telegraph's* music critic.

Hampton Institute's director of extension, William M. Cooper, was included in the Richmond *Times-Dispatch's* "Honor Roll" of twelve citizens rendering exceptional service to Virginia during 1937.

Hampton loses its talented and faithful librarian, Miss Caroline L. Jones, by retirement on April 1. Succeeding her will be Charles Ruthven Flack, now librarian of Southwestern Louisiana Institute, Lafayette, La. Mr. Flack is a native of Ontario, Canada, holding degrees from the Universities of Alberta and Illinois.

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Morgan College has inaugurated a new policy by the admission of freshmen at the second semester. Students may now enter freshman class at the beginning of each semester. Morgan's 6-week summer session will extend from June 27 to August 5.

Atlanta University, and affiliated colleges, **Morehouse** and **Spelman,** honored the distinguished head of its sociology department, Dr. W. E. B. DuBois, on his 70th birthday, February 23. One of the founders of the N.A.A.C.P., he served as editor of THE CRISIS from 1910 to 1934.

Welcome to the **Knoxville College** faculty last month were thirty-six bonus checks, one for each faculty member, handed out by President Samuel M. Laing following action of the Board of Trustees. The Board has also purchased an attractive streamlined, silver and blue bus which will transport athletic teams and other student groups engaged in inter-collegiate activities.

Bethune-Cookman College dedicated on January 23, a magnificent organ given to the institution by John D. Rockefeller, Jr. The organ was the property of his late father.

Wiley College has inaugurated significant changes in its curriculum to keep abreast of progressive trends in education. These include sharper division between offerings of the upper and lower colleges; requirement of two minor related subjects with the major field; greater preparation for vocational opportunities; fuller orientation to community problems.

Prof. J. A. Pierce is seeking his doctorate degree at the University of Michigan on a General Education Board scholarship.

Miss M. E. Carter, a Wellesley graduate, is new head of the romance language department. The new student adviser in religious affairs is Miss Carnis Hightower, a **Wiley** and **Gammon** alumnus. Mrs. Lillian Yates Hoskins, R.N., has been added to safeguard student health. Miss Bernice Peppers is the new second assistant librarian and Thomas Peters is asistant in the piano division.

Talladega College announces the coming of Hale Woodruff, distinguished artist, to condct classes in its Humanities Division. Mr. Woodruff is a teacher in **Atlanta University's** Laboratory High School.

Wilberforce University held its eighth International Day on February 12, Lincoln's Birthday. Hundreds of students with European and Asiatic

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backgrounds gathered from colleges in Ohio and adjoining states. Discussed were situation in Europe, the Orient and America. This was a college movement for world fellowship.

Manhattan (New York City) **College** senior class voted in January to establish a $1,000 four-year scholarship for a Catholic Negro. Action followed a speech by George Abbott, a 1922 graduate, now Housing Advisor, New York City Department of Public Welfare.

Fisk University has received a new Steinway concert piano, a gift from Mrs. William F. Gibbs, a trustee, and granddaughter of Erastus Milo Cravath, first Fisk president.

A. and T. College (Greensboro, N. C.) now has a modern cafeteria with facilities to serve 1,500 students daily in three one-hour meals. Each student receives $15 worth of tickets each month for $12.

To **Tuskegee's** John A. Andrew Memorial Hospital in January went Dr. B. L. Jackson, a Meharry Dental College graduate and resident of Athens, Ga.

Louisville Municipal College has added new courses in library science, junior high school problems, parent-teacher relationships and salesmanship in the evening classes of the second semester. Instructors will be Mrs. Hortense H. Young and Mrs. Naomi Lattimore (library), William H. Perry (Junior H. S. problems), Houston Baker (salesmanship) and A. E. Meyzeek (parent education). Louisville College's new Dean is David A. Lane, formerly of **West Virginia State.**

Piney Woods (Miss.) **School** recently advertised in the Jackson (Miss.) *Daily Clarion-Ledger* urging Mississippi white folks professing to love their black mammies to contribute to the erection of a domestic science building. Wrote **Principal Laurence Jones**: "We have heard many Southern white people talk about how much they loved their old mammy. Here is a chance to prove it. Is her memory worth a hundred dollars, or fifty, twenty, ten, five or one dollar's worth of brick toward the construction of this building in her memory?"

Wiley College fell $50,000 short in its drive for $150,000 to match the General Education Board's conditional gift of $300,000.

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Volume 45, No. 3 *Whole No. 327*

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THE CRISIS *was founded in* 1910. *It is published monthly at 69 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y., by Crisis Publishing Company, Inc., and is the official organ of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People. The subscription price is $1.50 a year or 15c a copy. Foreign subscriptions $1.75. The date of expiration of each subscription is printed on the wrapper. When the subscription is due a blue renewal blank is enclosed. The address of a subscriber may be changed as often as desired, but both the old and new address must be given and two weeks' notice is necessary. Manuscripts and drawings relating to colored people are desired. They must be accompanied by return postage, and while* THE CRISIS *uses every care it assumes no responsibility for their safety in transit. Entered as second class matter November 2, 1910, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879, and additional second class entry at Albany, N. Y.*

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THE COVER

Maxine Sullivan, tiny songstress at the Onyx Club in W. 52nd street, New York, has risen to fame almost over night through her rendition of the old Scotch ballad, Loch Lomond, in swing time. Her name and her delicate voice draw packed houses wherever she goes. Born Maxine Williams in Homestead, outside of Pittsburgh, Pa., she is a graduate of Homestead high school. She came to New York last June, sang an audition for the Onyx Club, and shortly afterward skyrocketed to fame with Loch Lomond. Of her, *Vogue* declares that she is one of the two singers this season who is worthy of the spotlight, the other being a Metropolitan Opera star. The little Pennsylvanian is a charming and gracious person and willingly consented to be a guest soloist for the second annual cocktail dance, February 20, of the New York CRISIS Committee.

NEXT MONTH

The April issue will be given over to a discussion of the struggle to pass a federal anti-lynching bill.

There will be excerpts from the Congressional Record of the 47-day filibuster. There will be a piece by Walter White, leader of the lobbyists. Rodney Dutcher, well-known Washington correspondent, will give his views of the campaign. There will be excerpts from editorials which have appeared in the daily press.

There will be a discussion on next steps to be taken.

Do not miss your copy.

OUR CONTRIBUTORS

Octavia B. Wynbush teaches in Lincoln high school, Kansas City, Mo. She has written several stories for THE CRISIS.

•

Ludlow W. Werner is the managing editor of the New York *Age*.

•

Dr. Harry F. Ward is national chairman of the American League for Peace and Democracy.

•

George Padmore has contributed several articles to THE CRISIS about Africa and European politics. He lives in London.

•

A. J. Allen, a new writer in THE CRISIS, is a student at Yale University in New Haven, Conn.

Conjure Man

By Octavia B. Wynbush

A weird story of hatred, jealousy, murder and revenge from the bayou country in rural Louisiana

HER beady old eyes glittering through narrow slits of lids as she peered through an opening in the leafy screen, Maum Samba sat behind the matted honeysuckle vines framing her front porch. Across the dusty strip of road in front of her rickety fence, a group of men was assembled in the semi-circular clearing in front of Devil's Swamp. The eldest of the group, a tall, muscular fellow, weathered by the Louisiana sun to a blackish hue, appeared to be giving orders.

What worried Samba was the fact that the men were carrying implements suggestive of digging. What could it mean? Was the gossip which had come to her ears of late about to become a truth?

"Mornin' Maum Samba."

Startled, Samba looked up. By her rocker stood the grinning twelve-year-old son of a neighbor.

"Lawd, boy! Don' never come on me like dat agin. What you want, anyhow?"

"Ma done sent me for your risin' sun quilt patte'n. She say len' it to her, please."

Rising stiffly, Samba stepped into the house, from which she returned soon, bearing the pattern tied in a neat package. Before giving it to the boy, she queried; "What's goin' on 'cross the road, Luther?"

"Mistah Wesson's goin' build his new home 'cross from you, Maum Samba," grinned the boy, watching the old woman with a queer gleam in his eye.

The mottled yellow hand plucking the string around the package stopped suddenly, as if stricken with paralysis.

"Yes?" The tone was as unconcerned as Samba could make it.

"Yas'm. He bought dat strip of clearin' from Big Jim Handy, an' is goin' to live there with his fambly an' Miz Amanda."

"I reckon yo' ma's waitin' fo' dis patte'n, boy. Run 'long home."

When the boy had gone, Samba resumed her seat behind the vines. So it had come to this! Mark Wesson was going to bring his wife and Amanda to flaunt themselves and their prosperity in her face the rest of her life. Their new home would be across the road from her own dilapidated cabin with its run-to-weeds garden in which she had lost interest since the death of her husband two years ago.

What a reversal of the picture as she had painted it in her youth! Samba's mind flew back to that happy time, so hazy now that she often wondered whether it had happened to her, or to some one she had once known. She moaned softly to herself. Surely what she had done did not demand life-long punishment.

She was beginning to believe what Nana Marshall had hinted to her once.—"God hain't punishing you, Samba. Hit's yo' bitter enemy what's put a spell on you, an' dey's on'y one human in dis parish what kin tek hit offen you—dat's ol' Elias, what lives close to de cypress swamp. He kin tek hit off, or put a worser one on yo' enemy. An' you know who dis enemy is."

Samba sighed. How could she help it, if Bob had turned from Amanda Hartwell to her, forty-odd years ago, even after his word had been given to Amanda? He hadn't been able to help himself when the sprightly, beautiful girl from St. Martinville had danced into his life on the occasion of her visit to her aunt and uncle at Eglanville.

Maum Samba,—Seremba they called her then—had been beautiful in her youth, with her olive complexion, flashing, black eyes, blue-black hair sweeping below her waist, slender ankles and dainty feet that outdanced the best of the belles of Eglanville. She hadn't meant to take big Bob Moore completely away from his "promised" bride, at first. It had just been fun to see the big fellow fall so desperately for her. But Amanda's furious jealousy and bitter words had spurred the visitor to do her utmost.

Never would she forget the thrill of that evening on the outskirts of the swamp, just where the clearing was now. It was all thicket and trees, then. Bob and she had stopped under the live-oak, since felled by lightning, and there Bob had proposed. Samba recalled her own demurring because of Amanda. Even now she heard again his vehement declaration that Amanda had long since ceased to interest him. Even in her present state of mind, she could not forbear a tender, reminiscent smile.

Then, acres and acres of the rich soil had been Bob's, even the land upon which they had become engaged. And now, Amanda's son-in-law was building his home upon that spot—a home to which he could bring his children, his mother-in-law, Amanda, and his wife, Rose Ellen.

Thought of Rose Ellen stirred the fire in Samba's soul to fiercer heat. With what vengeance had Amanda retaliated!

Of all their six children, Bob and Samba had held their daughter, Lucille, most dear, partly because she was the only girl, and partly because she was such a delicate creature. When Mark Wesson, superior in every way to the young fellows of Eglanville, had come from up the river to settle and open a combined store and "refreshment parlor," he had taken immediately to Lucille.

In a short time they became engaged. Samba had been wild with joy. Every girl in the village, Rose Ellen especially, had made desperate efforts to get this man whose energy and ability marked him as distinctly different from the indolent, shiftless fellows of their acquaintance.

Even now nausea and weakness swept over Samba as she remembered—Lucille, slim, brown, lovely in her wedding finery, standing before the mirror, taking the last look at herself before starting for the church—Hannah Washington, frowsy, dusty, excited and perspiring, rushing in and blurting out the brutal fact that Rose Ellen and Mark Wesson had slipped off to the next town that morning, and had married. Samba had never been able to forgive Hannah for her tactlessness in blurting out the truth before Lucille. The scorching humiliation which had finally burned up Lucille's vitality and killed her, had shrivelled Samba into a mummified version of her former self.

Behind the honeysuckle vines Samba stirred and sighed as she wiped her eyes with one corner of her blue-checked apron. Then she rose resolutely and stood a moment, her fists balled tightly at her temples. Resolve shone in her eyes, as she straightened at last.

"Tonight, at fust dark, I'll do it," she muttered.

THE last rays of the sun had been conquered by the night rising from the earth, and the peculiarly velvety darkness that precedes the rising of the moon in Louisiana lay thick on Devil's Swamp.

(*Continued on next page*)

Samba, standing with her hand on the latch of her sagging gate, looked sharply up and down the road, listening for any sound of approaching footsteps. Assured that no one was coming, she swung open the gate and stepped into the road. After carefully closing and latching the rickety barrier between her weedy yard and the open highway, she began walking along in the dust, as fast as her wizened legs could carry her thin body. She must get off the main road before the moon rose. It was a long way to the big oak where she could take the snake-trail.

"I'm goin' to do it! I'm goin' to do it!" she muttered continually, savagely, as she strode along.

"I'm goin' to do it! I'm goin' to do it!" her footsteps seemed to echo back as she moved forward through the powdery dust. The close heat of the night, unfavorable for her pace, soon sent streams of perspiration coursing over her body.

For once fortune favored her. When the moon rose she was deep in the woods through which wound the crooked little snake-path that began at the base of the big oak by the main road. The big, yellow, eye-like moon made the trees stand in sharp, black, outline. Deeper and deeper into their midst went Samba, following the narrow path which led finally to a natural lane of pine trees, ending abruptly before a long, low shanty in a small clearing.

In the light of the moon, the cabin was oddly fantastic. Its roof appeared to be made of bits of tin, tar-paper, and slate. The sides were pieced together from scraps of timber, boxes, and boards from box-cars, the latter still bearing their legends of weight and capacity.

From one window of the shanty came a feeble ray of light. Creeping up to the window, Samba looked in. She could see a crudely made table covered with a dirty, much-marred oil cloth on which stood a flickering smoky lamp. At one end of the table, his face buried in his hands, sat an old man deeply absorbed in thought. Standing tip-toe, Samba craned her neck from side to side. She could discover no one else in the room. Elias was evidently alone. Samba was satisfied.

Mounting the two rickety steps leading to a little stoop before the door, she knocked cautiously and softly. The door was cracked. A rasping old voice inquired,

"Who dat?"

Samba's reply, though soft, was somewhat scornful.

"You oughta know. It's part of yo' trade."

The door was opened still wider. Old Elias peered out, the beams of the moon falling over his fuzzled white head, his black, wrinkled face with its two sharp, ferrety, red eyes, and his ragged, open-at-the-neck shirt and tattered, dirty overalls.

"Maum Samba! Well, I *is* surprised! Come in."

The room in which Samba found herself was as grotesque as the outside of the shack. From the rafters, over which the shadows of herself and Elias sprawled in gargantuan proportions, hung all sorts of curious and startling things. Bunches of dried herbs, curiously-tied packages dangling from long strings, animal skins, gourds, and three dried snake skins, were distinguishable in the dim light.

The walls, bare and unplastered, with nothing to obliterate entirely the fact that they were simply the outside boards seen from the inside, were hung here and there with more of the things which dangled from the ceiling. Over the bunk with its grimy bedclothes hung a horseshoe and a wool-card. On a small table in one corner stood a collection of bottles and jars filled with weird-looking roots. Besides them lay a rabbit's foot, a crystal for gazing, and a luck stone.

Samba looked directly at the man in front of her.

"Elias, you knows I don' hol' much wid yo' trade. I bases my life on de Bible an' prayer, but I needs yo' help now fo' a quick act."

"Set down."

Samba took the stool Elias drew from under the oilcloth-covered table, and plunged immediately into her recital.

"Elias I wants you to help me get shet of a enemy."

"A enemy?"

"Yes. I name no name, an' I bear no blame."

"You bring anything belongs to yo' enemy?"

Samba's face fell.

"I didn' know I had to."

"How kin I wuk 'thout sumpin' to wuk on?"

"But you is done it, ain't you?"

"Not on no one ez pow'ful ez yo' enemy bes. Hit aint so s'cessful. But I'll give you a luck ball twell you brings me sumpin'."

Elias went to the corner table where reposed his magic potions.

"What mus' I bring?" Samba's voice was guarded and low. Even the rafters might hear.

"Some of yo' enemy's haih, a piece of yo' enemy's clo'es, an' sumpin' yo' enemy's done wrote."

Samba's rigid back did not reveal her dismay. Getting these things from an enemy she had not spoken to in over forty years! Getting them from Amanda Pierre! Well, this was her problem. She would solve it. Impatiently she awaited Elias' return from his table.

When he finally returned to Samba, Elias laid before her a round, evil-smelling black ball, and a coarse brown bag containing something hard and pungent.

"Now," he began, "put dis yere black ball somewheah on yo' enemy's grounds, somewheah he'll have to walk over it. Put dis bag away somewheah in yo' own house, an' when you gits back home, sprinkle a cupful o' mustahd seed on youah walk an' do' step to keep off de evil sperrits yo' enemy might send agains' you at night. Dis will gib you a little pertection, but it ain't gwine be complete twell you brings me de haih, de piece o' clo'es, an' de writin'."

Samba stood up and fumbled in her apron pocket, a question in her eyes.

"One dollah only, bein' as it's you," Elias replied to the unspoken query, "an' to complete the work it'll cos' you twenty-five dollahs."

"Twenty-five dollars!" Samba's voice rose in a screech. "Wheah you think I kin get twenty-five dollars?"

"O, you kin git it, all right. You kin go dis minute an' lay yo' han's on fo' times dat much. Don' look at me lak you's s'prised. I knows dat. Haint it paht of my trade?"

Elias laughed heartily at the opportunity to fling Samba's words back at her.

"And 'sides," he added after a moment, "de chahms you already has is 'versible. Dey kin wu'k against you ef de one what gave 'em to you wills, as well as fo' you, you knows. W'en will I be favored wid you' comp'ny agin, ma'am? Thanks fo' de dollah."

"Some time ve'y soon."

Gathering up the ball and the bag, and thrusting them into her pockets, Samba moved toward the door. Gallantly Elias stepped forward to open it. Samba breathed a long sigh of relief as she stepped outside and descended the rickety steps. Pausing for a moment on the ground in front of the shack, she expelled the rancid air of the hut from her lungs, and filled them with the sharp fragrance of the pine grove.

BEFORE Samba's problem of obtaining the hair, the piece of clothing and the writing of her enemy had reached its solution, the finishing touches were being put on the Wesson house. The hot days of summer were giving way to slightly cooler autumn weather when a garden party given by Samba's friend, Teresa Claudin, furnished the occasion.

It was a beautiful night when Samba joined the crowd flocking over the broad expanse of unfenced, grassy ground Teresa pleased to call her "lawn". Elbowing her way through the crowd, Samba, a little black silk bag dangling from her left wrist, a short thin shawl over her shoulders, went straight to a group of which Teresa was one. Greetings over, Samba refused the hostess' offer to escort her to the room where the women had left their wraps.

"Thank you, thank you, Teresa, but you knows I knows ev'y inch of yo' house. I'll go by myself."

Up the path to the house went Samba, greeting friends right and left. It was just a step across the long front porch of the house into the room where lay all the light wraps brought by the women in anticipation of the cool breezes that often sprang up after sundown in the autumn.

Approaching the bed on which the garments lay—an assortment of scarfs, jackets and coats—Samba stood quietly searching with her eyes for one particular wrap. There it was! Amanda's black silk shawl with the red embroidered roses, and the deep, heavy black fringe. Mark had brought it to her from Baton Rouge.

Opening the bag on her wrist, Samba drew out a pair of tiny scissors. Making sure that she was unobserved, she began clipping a bit of fringe from each of several bunches of the knotted silk. Snip, snip, hurriedly yet carefully, the work was done. The clipped fringe and the tiny scissors reposed in the black bag.

Removing her own shawl, Samba placed it on the bed with the other wraps, and moved leisurely to join the group on the lawn. Once there, she moved around slowly, until she found herself next to Amanda who was receiving congratulation from a number of friends, who were loud in their praises of the new home. All of Samba's hot hatred boiled in her breast, but she was outwardly beaming as she joined the group. Uncomfortable silence fell as she sidled up to Amanda.

"I des wants to add my compliments to de res', Miz Pierre," she began. "It's a mighty fine house, an' I'm glad you's buildin' it in front of me. It gits awful lonesome sometimes fo' me now, 'specially at night. I kin hardly wait fo' you all to move in. Seems to me we mought as well be frien's, sence we's goin' to be neighbors. An' it ain't any better time to staht than right now."

An approving chorus arose from the listeners as Samba finished speaking and laid her hand beseechingly on Amanda's arm. For a moment Amanda stood stiff and frozen. Then, with as good grace as possible, she thanked her erstwhile enemy for her good wishes, and expressed her willingness to be friends.

Samba stood awhile, laughing and chatting with the others, and receiving congratulations along with Amanda. Then, excusing herself, she withdrew to a darker part of the yard, shaded by a huge magnolia tree. With the tree trunk between her and the people she had just left, she opened the bag. Something, clutched tightly between her thumb and forefinger, was dropped lightly within. It was a long, coarse gray hair she had found lying on Amanda's shoulder.

The night moved on. The guests grew merrier and merrier. Refreshments were served—all sorts of meats, preserves, chicken, cakes and cream. Samba ate sparingly, complaining of "not havin' felt well in my stummick sence day fo' yestiddy."

Suddenly a commotion arose in the group where she was sitting. Samba had fainted. One big husky young fellow picked her up and carried her into the house. No one noticed that even in her faint Samba clutched the little black bag tightly in her hands. The crowd, gathered on the outside of the house, and pressing up to the screen door, whispered, prayed, or giggled, according to their various natures.

"Lawd, I hope she ain't done got her las' sickness!"

"Mebbe dat's why she mek up wid Miz Pierre. Mebbe she done had a warning."

Presently Teresa came to the door, and called, "Miz Pierre, come dis way, please ma'am."

Ejaculations and comments followed Amanda's progress to the door. In a few minutes every one knew just why she had been called. Samba had expressed a belief that this was truly her last sickness. She wanted Amanda to do her one favor to show that all was well between them. Amanda must write a letter to her son, Andrew, bearing his mother's last words.

When the letter was completed, Samba suddenly took a turn for the better. She was soon able to rise from the bed where she lay and to set out for home in the rattling Ford belonging to one of the guests. The letter to Andrew lay in the black bag along with the fringe and the hair.

FOR three days Samba was in bed to all visitors, but the fourth day found her up and about. She spent the morning behind her vines watching the men who had come to unload the furniture for the new house. Mark Wesson had gone his limit in building this new house. "Spot cash" had been paid for everything, even for the new furnishings, almost to the complete depletion of his bank account. He had not yet insured the house. That would be taken care of in a few days, after the family had moved in.

On the night of the fourth day, Samba set out on her second journey to the hut of Elias. The sky was covered with scudding clouds that intermittently cut off the light of the moon. They promised rain, but rain that would not come before morning. The darkness necessitated Samba's carrying a lantern to light her way. Arrived at the cabin, she knocked softly. The door opened, and Elias' woolly head appeared.

"Who dat?"

"Me, Samba," in a breathless whisper.

"Come on in."

"Any body else inside?"

"No."

Quietly Samba stepped over the threshold into the miserable, foul-smelling room. After locking the door behind her, Elias stepped to the table, rubbing his hands and chuckling as if at some joke known only to himself. He peered at Samba, his red eyes glowing with malicious pleasure.

"You got dem t'ings?"

"Heah dey is." Samba placed in his outstretched hands a brown paper parcel. Placing the parcel on the table, Elias bent over it to untie its careful wrappings. The strand of gray hair, the knot of fringe and the letter lay before him.

"You played pretty slick to git dese, Samba." Elias' ragged, yellow teeth gleamed in a crooked smile.

"O, it didn't take no oncommon amount of brains," disclaimed the woman, bridling nevertheless at the compliment. "Now, what's de nex' step?"

Elias' rheumatically-knotted, dirt-encrusted hands, that had been playing idly with the contents of the package, came to a sudden stop. He folded them across his chest and stared long and searchingly at Samba, who began to grow uneasy under his gaze.

"Dat is right," he began musingly, stroking his chin with one dirty hand, "dat is de nex' 'sideration. Set down."

The rickety chair creaked as Samba adjusted her meager body to it. Elias took the stool at the end of the table opposite the woman. He gazed and gazed at her with a steady, unfathomable look. To Samba, whose nerves were already a-tingle, the look took on a quality of deepest penetration. Elias was seeing through her, beyond her, into her present and—past. He was seeing everything that she had ever thought, said, or done.

Finally Elias arose, walked over to the table where were spread his roots, charms, and other mysteries. Picking up the crystal, he turned to his seat. Placing it on the table in front of him, he stared intently at it. In the silence Samba could hear the rustling of the trees outside, as tiny breaths of air passed over them. The ticking of the Ingersoll watch in Elias' pocket was like the beating of a drum to her. At last the old conjurer began to speak

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The New York Age: Lusty Veteran

By Ludlow W. Werner

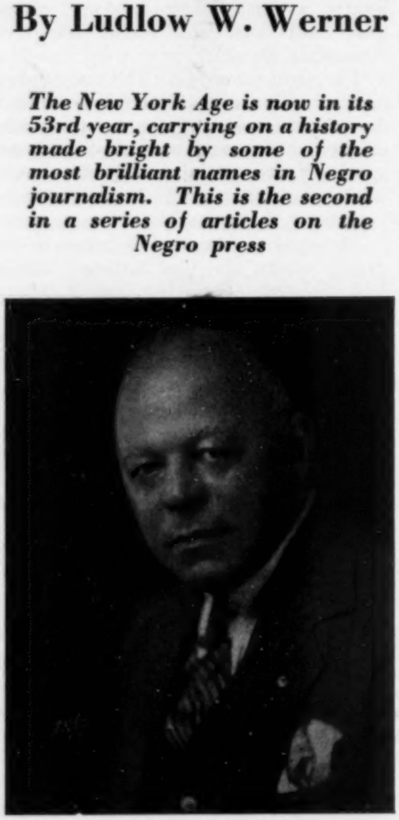
The New York Age is now in its 53rd year, carrying on a history made bright by some of the most brilliant names in Negro journalism. This is the second in a series of articles on the Negro press

ANY history of *The New York Age*, which is fifty-two years old, would be incomplete without mention of its predecessors, for, while it remains a matter of record that *The Age* was first published under that name and style in October, 1882, with T. Thomas Fortune and Jerome B. Peterson as publishers, the origin of the paper as a race organ dates several years further back.

The forerunner of *The Age* was a weekly periodical named, rather ineptly, "Rumor". The sub-title defined it as "A Representative Colored American Newspaper", a definition rather at variance with its flippant headline. It was what is now known as a tabloid, consisting of twelve pages, ten by fourteen inches in size. The first page was devoted to a wood cut portrait of some prominent race character, among those appearing in the few scattered copies which have been preserved being Prof. Charles L. Reason, celebrated poet, scholar and philosopher, and Frederick Douglass, the "grand old man of the race".

The publication of "Rumor" was begun in March 1880, with George Parker as publisher, from an office address at 81 Nassau Street, New York City. No names were printed as to the editorial staff's personnel, nor were "by lines" attached to the more important articles, although credit was given for matter reproduced from other papers. The editorials were well-written and concerned subjects of special racial interest, such as "The Exodus", a movement to better the condition of Negroes by emigration from the South; a protest against an attempt to nullify the Negro vote in Delaware and a denunciation of Dennis Kearney, the California agitator, who had been sentenced to six months' confinement and a fine for lawless communistic agitation. Even back in the purple eighties there were the same troubles that are encountered today.

"Rumor" also printed verse, selected and original, and contained such departments as "News Summary," "City and Suburbs," "Religious Notes," and "Rumorisms". There was also a "Congressional Summary", which referred to the testimony of George T. Ruby, editor of the New Orleans Observer, given before the Senate Exodus Committee, as to the origin of the movement, which was attributed to the political persecution of plantation laborers by mobs in 1874 and 1875. Mr. Ruby testified that he was born in New York and had lived in Louisiana and Texas for sixteen years. Fiction was represented by a short story without racial coloring while "Probes" was the heading of a column of personal and pointed quips such as "Conceit and bad manners are the two excellent (?) qualities of our so-called society gentlemen".



FRED R. MOORE
Editor

All in all, "Rumor", despite its rather flippant title, was a creditable weekly journal and we know of no reason why its staff feared to have their names published. There was reason to believe in that day that among those having their finger in the ink that produced "Rumor" was a group of young men who were associated with the Bohemian Club and the New York Press Club of Colored Journalists.

The New York Globe

However, "Rumor" was too expensive a publication for its time, its wood cuts were costly and its advertising was scant. The publication became too heavy a burden for its publisher and his associates and it was once reported that one of the group who owned a valuable watch had to pawn it to get the necessary cash to insure the paper coming out. The problem was solved by a change of name and form, its successor being *The New York Globe* with George Parker and Company as publishers, the additional members being T. Thomas Fortune and W. Walter Sampson, both practical printers who came here from Florida.

With their aid, *The Globe* appeared as a four page newspaper of regulation form, discarding the smaller shape which, while it made it a model weekly, was yet expensive to produce. Still, the new form was more economical and *The Globe* was soon put upon a self-supporting basis, attaining a national reputation as an organ of Negro news and opinion. One of the reasons for its early influence was the work of T. Thomas Fortune who was a brilliant, pointed and aggressive editorial writer. Mr. Fortune later became a special contributor to several leading dailies and at one time occupied an editorial desk on the New York *Evening Sun*, writing editorial and special articles for both evening and morning editions.

Still another reason for the influence of *The Globe* was that it served as a medium for the expression of opinion by such leaders as Frederick Douglass, Blanche K. Bruce, John M. Langston, Col. George W. Williams and many others famous in church or politics.

The year 1884 saw another change in the publication. Mr. Parker disposed of his interest in the paper to Bishop William B. Derrick of the African Methodist Church. A marshal, alleging that Bishop Derrick failed to meet his obligations to Parker, seized the plant and *The Globe* disappeared to be succeeded by *The Freeman* with T. Thomas Fortune as its sole proprietor and editor. This continued for three years when Mr. Fortune, with a growing dissent toward current Republican policies, withdrew from the paper and went to Ohio to take part in the Democratic campaign and edit a paper called "The Afro-American", published either at Columbus or Cincinnati.

The name of the paper was changed to *The New York Age*; and its politics changed back to support of Republican policies and candidates, although it did not hesitate to criticize both when they seemed to conflict with the best interests of he Negro. After the defeat of Cleveland for a second term in 1888,

LUDLOW W. WERNER
Managing Editor

MRS. IDA M. DUDLEY
Business Manager

WILLIAM E. CLARK
Advertising Manager

Battery of three linotype machines in The Age *plant*

Corner of job printing department managed by Gilbert Moore

Mr. Fortune returned to New York and resumed editorship of *The Age* which continued until shortly after the ownership was transferred to a corporation when he sold out his interest in 1907. Fred R. Moore, then owner of the *Colored American Magazine,* assumed the editorship which has continued to the present time with a staff of able assistants.

Fred Moore Takes Over

Mr. Moore continued the policy of *The Age* in politics, making it an independent Republican organ, although advocating a division of the Negro vote when local conditions in various localities and municipalities seemed to justify it. *The Age* fought and still continues to fight the policy of lilywhite Republicans in various southern states, has not hesitated to denounce local or national Republican candidates and officials who discriminated against members of the race. In 1932 it vigorously opposed President Herbert Hoover who was seeking reelection although Mr. Moore had served four years previously as Mr. Hoover's eastern national campaign manager. In 1936 it advocated the defeat of President Franklin D. Roosevelt although it had urged his election in 1932.

The Age has been steadfast in its condemnation of lynching and mob rule, and has supported all efforts to put an end to such crimes. When the Ku Klux Klan was revived, *The Age* started an exposé of its aims and methods, having secured a copy of its creed and rituals from a special correspondent. This ante-dated the campaign later waged in 1921 by The New York World which gave the masked and hooded order unwelcome publicity.

An enterprising reporter in the August 13, 1932, issue of *The New York Age* was the first to break the news that Arthur Flegenheimer, more familiarly known as "Dutch Schultz" had taken over control of the numbers or policy racket in New York and, in detail, outlined how Negroes had lost control of the business and how the new "czar" operated. The daily newspapers were quick to give credit to *The Age* in the exposes that followed.

When Mr. Moore took over *The Age* in 1907, the offices were then located at 7-8 Chatham Square. All of its typesetting and presswork was done on the premises and in addition a flourishing job-printing department was added. One of its largest jobs was the printing of a Japanese newspaper which was then edited by Kaju Nakamura who is now one of the most successful business men in Japan, in addition being a Member of Parliament.

The paper remained at Chatham Square until 1910 when it was removed to 246 West 46th street in the heart of the theatrical district. The move to the present building, 230 West 135th street, was made in the fall of 1919 and marked the installation of the most up-to-date printing plant operated by Negroes. It is still New York's only Negro newspaper which is published in its own plant.

Brilliant Contributors

A roll call of those who have served on *The New York Age* would be a remarkable revelation. A great source of strength to the paper, both in the past and at the present time, has been the

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For Peace and Democracy

By Harry F. Ward

The talk of the world is of peace, war, democracy and dictatorships. Here is a statement on the preservation of peace and democratic rights in our own land

THE Congress for Democracy and Peace held at Pittsburgh, Thanksgiving weekend at the call of the American League Against War and Fascism was notable in several respects. Its constituency was the largest and broadest ever represented at such a gathering—over 4 million people were represented by the delegates, over a million and a half of them members of trade unions. The American League Against War and Fascism was transformed into the American League for Peace and Democracy, which seeks to unite the people of this country behind a two-fold purpose:

To protect and extend democratic rights for all sections of the American people.

To keep the United States out of war and to help keep war out of the world. Two incidents occurred that tested the mettle of the gathering and the sincerity of the organization it created. One was the picketing of the mass meeting by a group of Catholics and the protest and rebuke to two Catholic Congressmen from the platform. The other was the discrimination of hotels and restaurants against Negro delegates.

The purpose and program of the American League for Peace and Democracy differ from that of the parent organization in being both broader and simpler. Peace and Democracy are two things which most Americans want next to their own social security. Who is there with any degree of progressive mindedness who does not want "to protect and extend democratic rights for all sections of the American people?" But there are many who have to learn that they cannot protect their own democratic rights unless they are willing to extend them to all others, just as many of the middle class have already learned that the right of free speech and assembly cannot be preserved unless it is extended to cover the right of labor to organize and peacefully picket. Who is there who does not want to keep the United States out of war? Now these millions of peace loving American citizens have to learn that they have no chance of keeping the United States out of war unless they are also willing "to help keep war out of the world." What these millions who want both democracy and peace have yet to understand is that they cannot get one without the other. The unique function of the American League in the peace movement is that it continually shows, and acts upon, the inseparable bonds between peace and democracy and between their opposites, war and fascism. This ought to be plain enough with the fascist powers making war in Spain and in China, and with the help of their allies the fascist minded Tories of Great Britain weakening and destroying the League of Nations, the first, faint beginnings of the democratic organization of peace. But so many Americans have been living so long under the illusion that their country is a world apart and unto itself, that they have yet to find out that no people can dwell secure in peace until peace is organized for all, and that no nation can be sure of maintaining democratic rights as the foundation of its life unless the principles of democratic control are extended to international organization.

Wolves in Sheep's Clothing

The relationship between democracy and peace has two aspects. The extension of democracy is the only possible road to the progressive organization of peace, and without peace democracy cannot live and grow. This is why there is such contradiction between the words and the acts of the fascist dictators. They are like the false prophet and the wolves in sheeps' clothing that the bible talks about. They say they are for peace, but their hands make war. The reason is that when they reject democracy they reject the basis of peace. If they succeed in their plans to replace throughout the world the democratic control of the people over their own lives and affairs with the arbitrary control of dictators, they will have destroyed the only possible road to peace, just as their bombs and shells are turning the roads of China and Spain into a series of impassable holes. There is no peace for the world until this issue between democratic procedure and fascist dictatorship is settled.

None of the plans of dictators could amount to anything if they were not supported by the anti-democratic forces in the so-called democratic countries. Without the same help, neither the fascist intervention in Spain nor the Japanese invasion of China could succeed. It is the money and the materials that Hitler, Mussolini and Japan have been able to get from the capitalists of England, France and the United States, that has enabled them to build up their armaments. Without that aid they could not continue now to carry on their wars. These same capitalists, with the support of ignorant and reactionary elements among the workers, farmers, small business and white collar groups, are continually fighting the extension of democracy in their own countries. Examine the nature of the coalition in Congress, and the forces behind it, which in the last session delayed the anti-lynching bill, defeated the Wages and Hours Bill, and ripped to pieces protective legislation for the farmers. Continue your inquiry and you will find it is the same forces that are stopping us from taking action on the international front to prevent the fascist powers from continuing their murder and robbery of other nations, their destruction of democracy. It is plain enough that if we could shut off all war supplies and credits from Italy, Germany and Japan their war machines would bog down. It is also plain that this will not be done as long as the control of our economic life is in its present hands.

A Call to Action

It is those who are ruling the rest of us with an economic dictatorship because of their power to fix prices and wages, who, both for reasons of profit and of like-mindedness, are sending help from this country to the fascists abroad. We shall not defeat the Fascist International, nor protect ourselves against its contagion, except as we defeat the fascists at home. So long as we do not apply the principles of democracy to our economic life and get peoples' control of economic power, we shall have those who do control economic power helping the fascists in other countries to destroy democracy, while they themselves continually plot to destroy it here. That is why every struggle of a repressed or unprivileged section of our population for its democratic rights is also a struggle for democracy and peace throughout the world. That is why the American League ties the two struggles together in its program.

The program of the American League is not a creed, but a call to action. It is an attempt to transpose the broad purpose of the League into the demands and undertakings necessary to meet the situations that arise from time to time. Thus it is a constantly developing program. And those who may find themselves unable to agree with some particular call for action at a given point, but still desire to accomplish its general purpose, can conscientiously remain with the League and work for other parts of the program. The initial program for 1938 puts the emphasis at three points: Measures to secure labor's rights; opposition to race prejudice and discrimination, with support of the anti-lynching bill; measures to prevent economic aid from this country to the aggressor and to permit his victims to buy here what they need. This demand is now for China and Spain. The League wants legislation permitting them to buy here the means of defense under conditions designed to remove the risk of our being drawn into war. This is because of the likelihood that our entry into war would bring fascist controls here, and thus put us on the side of the international fascist bloc. What these conditions are will have to be determined in each situation as it arises. At the present moment we are selling war supplies to both China and Japan, because the Neutrality Law has not been applied, and these sales have not created any war incidents. There would be still less risk in selling to Spain as Mexico has proved by doing it. The disgraceful thing is that we permit Japan, Germany and Italy to buy from us supplies for their wars of invasion.

To shut off this economic aid to the aggressor, the American League asks for both peoples' action and legislation. Peoples' action takes the form of refusal to buy Japanese goods, a campaign which the League started. If the American people would stop buying Japanese silk and Japanese toys, they would put a very serious crimp in the plans of the Japanese militarists, because the sales of these goods here provide the exchange to pay for the scrap iron, the oil and the cotton we are disgracefully selling them, and which they will try to buy elsewhere if we stop. Also it lies within the power of labor, supported by the middle class with money, on the picket line and in the courts, to stop the shipment of oil, scrap iron and copper to Japan. It is high time for American labor to seek concerted action with the labor forces of the other democratic countries to accomplish this end.

It is time for all those in this country who desire peace and democracy to insist upon legislation which will put an embargo against all war supplies to Japan, Germany and Italy, or any other country which invades another. Legislation to this end is before Congress.

For Negro Rights

Surely the purpose and program of the American League will receive strong support from the Negro section of our population, both on the grounds of self-interest and of concern for the common good. Just as the work of the League will be carried out with special concern for the victim of the aggressor, so it is specified in the statement of purpose that it shall be carried out with special concern for those whose democratic rights are most restricted. For every group which is denied the opportunities and privileges which democracy requires to be shared by all the American League is both a service agency and an opportunitty for expression in a common cause. It is a concrete example of the old maxim of uniting all for the good of each, and joining together each for the good of all. How much can be done for each depends upon how much each is willing to do for all. It is as much to the interest of the Negro race that the American League should rally the people of this country behind the demand that their government shall not recognize Japanese conquest in China or Italian conquest in Spain as it is that they should make the same demand concerning Mussolini's conquest of Ethiopia.

Naturally, out of its bitter experience, the Negro race looks with justified suspicion upon general statements of principle and purpose. When it meets them it properly applies the old proverb "The test of the pudding is in the eating," and from the standpoint of the white leaders of the League, as well as our Negro associates, the pudding at Pittsburgh was not any too good. The question, however, of whether the issue of discrimination in hotels and restaurants was met with any degree of success, or as well as it might have been, cannot be judged without some knowledge of the background. It was decided to hold the Congress in Pittsburgh because of its strategic relation to the labor struggle, although we knew that the question of discrimination would be acute. We hoped to be able to break through this obstacle. The housing of Negro delegates was taken up early with the Convention Bureau and the leading hotels. The matter was considered at a special meeting of the Hotelmen's Association. We were told that they would not take Negroes, that they had refused a room to the Olympic track star, Eddie Tolan, and that Marion Anderson could not get one. We told them we would fight the issue through, and they said they were ready to spend $10,000 fighting a case under the state civil rights law. Legal suits were planned to be started during the Congress in connection with demonstrations.

At this point two mistakes were made. Through a slip in the New York office the Negro delegates going from New York were not called together and informed of the situation and plans, as they were supposed to have been. Also what should have been thought of, and was not, was the formation of a National Strategy Committee with representatives of all the organizations concerned, to supplement the work of the local committee. At Pittsburgh when the Negro delegates were denied their hotel reservations the matter was taken up by the Congress and an action committee was formed. Four suits were filed by Arnold Johnson, Angelo Herndon, Moran Weston, and Vernal J. Williams against the corporate owner of the William Penn, the manager, the assistant manager, and the desk clerk.

In the first round of the legal proceedings the management of the William Penn Hotel posted $5,000 in bonds and waived examination. The Grand Jury trial hearings will be held sometime this month, and the Pittsburgh committee is planning a mass meeting at that time. The awakening public sentiment in Pittsburgh indicates that the discrimination ring of the hotel men has been broken. It is reported that several hotels and some restaurants have signed contracts with the International Workers Order for the accommodation of both Negroes and whites during their convention in April, 1938. This is some indication that the program of the American League for Peace and Democracy when it promises to press for "measures to guarantee full rights for the Negro people," is not, and will not be, merely words.

NEXT MONTH

The April issue will contain a comprehensive review of the struggle to pass the Gavagan-Wagner-Van Nuys federal anti-lynching bill.

There will be excerpts from some of the speeches in the Congressional Record; an article by Walter White; some excerpts from editorials in daily newspapers over the nation; a short piece by Rodney Dutcher, well-known Washington correspondent; and a piece by Karl N. Lewellyn of the Columbia university law school.

Fascism in the West Indies

By George Padmore

In England there is great talk over the resignation of Anthony Eden and much sympathy for his opposition to fascist dictatorships, but in the West Indies, next door to the United States, the natives are getting a taste of the fascism that Great Britain professes to hate

DESPITE the appointment of a Royal Commission to inquire into labor conditions in Trinidad, the general political situation in that colony is going from bad to worse. Temporary economic concessions such as increased wages and shorter hours which many sections of the working class forced the employers to concede as a result of the general strike, are now being threatened. For the government is inaugurating a policy which savors of colonial fascism, and which, if not challenged immediately, is bound to deprive the workers of their most elementary civil rights, such as freedom of the press, speech and assembly.

The authorities have proposed the enactment of a new sedition bill; public open-air meetings are being prohibited; newspaper editors are threatened with prosecution; British troops have been landed to garrison the industrial centers of the island; the sum of £51,000 has been voted for the purpose of re-arming and increasing the local forces, in order to protect vested interests; while twenty trade union leaders, including Uriah Butler, President of the British Empire Workers' and Citizens' Home Rule Party, are at the moment of writing arraigned before the Criminal Assizes on charges of murder, sedition and incitement to riot. A wave of terrorism and intimidation is sweeping over the country.

The Situation Reviewed

West Indian workers are among the worst paid labor in the world, and in consequence their standard of living is extremely low. In recent years their conditions have become almost intolerable, due to unemployment and the rising cost of living. Unorganized and without any political rights, they have been unable to obtain any form of social relief, despite the fact that for years Captain A. A. Cipriania who, until recently, was looked upon as the undisputed leader of the toiling masses of the island, had been appealing to the government to take measures to ameliorate the conditions of the workers.

Cipriani is a native-born white man of Corsican ancestry and a descendant of the Bonapartes. He is the president of the Trinidad Labor Party and one of the seven unofficial elected members of the legislative council.

Last May, Cipriani was appointed by the government as one of the two representatives of the colony to the Coronation. During his absence, the employers, especially those on the oilfields, started to rationalize industry and the workers, goaded into desperation, declared a stay-in strike on June 19. Immediately the strike was declared, the managers of the companies called upon the government to assist them in crushing the strike. Police were dispatched from Port of Spain to the south of the island, the center of the oil industry. On arrival there they began to beat up the strikers and to drive them off the oilfields. In Trinidad most industrial and agricultural workers live in huts or barracks on the premises of the companies, so that whenever they dare to strike the first thing the employers do is to declare them trespassers and evict them and their families. Although the workers protested against being thrown on the streets, they agreed to vacate peacefully the property of their masters.

It was while Butler, the strike leader, was addressing the workers on an open lot near the oilfields that the trouble started. The police, armed with pistols, attempted to break up the meeting and arrest Butler. This precipitated fighting, in the course of which a police corporal was killed and several civilians wounded. On the following day the governor ordered the commander of the local forces to recruit a volunteer corps from among the European community. These men were armed and put in control of the oilfields at Point Fontin and Fyzabad. This was an incitement to further rioting, resulting in the death of ten workers and the wounding of sixteen. In the meanwhile, the governor cabled the colonial office for reinforcements. On the morning of June 22, H. M. S. Ajax arrived in Port of Spain and landed hundreds of marines and bluejackets. Two days later the cruiser Apollo landed more troops, which were assigned to control the oil refineries and strategic points in the capital.

By this time the strike had already reached Port of Spain, where lightermen, stevedores, porters, carters and public works laborers declared solidarity strikes with the oilfields workers. Processions were spontaneously organized and the workers marched through the busy section of the town with banners and slogans declaring: "We ask for bread and they give us hot lead," "Stop the murder of defenseless workers in the oilfields."

Despite all the military display which the government mobilized to intimidate the people, the strikers refused to return to work until their grievances were redressed. By this time the strike was island-wide. Thousands of East Indian agricultural laborers on the great sugar plantations refused to work. Motor transport in many parts of the country had to stop for want of petrol; ships arriving in the harbor of Port of Spain were unable to discharge their cargoes. The entire economic life of the country was at a standstill.

Alarmed at the tremendous wastage of petroleum on the oilfields, the companies decided to negotiate with the strike leaders. The government, however, obstructed negotiations by threatening to arrest Butler, who, by that time had gone into hiding. The police, bent upon getting their man, went to the extent of offering £100 to any worker who would betray their leader. The strikers, however, spurned this offer and appointed a delegation to confer with the employers. After much haggling, the companies agreed to certain of their demands and the men went back to work.

The government departments, especially the public works, also increased the pay of their workers and instituted an eight-hour day. Even the scavengers employed by the city council of Port of Spain received an increase in wages.

Natives Lack Vitamins

Reviewing the situation before the members of the Legislative Council, the governor, admitting the justice of the workers' case, declared:

"When I arrived in Trinidad, I was very painfully impressed by the effect of poverty here, more particularly by the physical appearance of the East Indian population. I have come from the South Seas where East Indians were introduced in exactly similar circumstances, brought in for the sugar estates, but the men there are of definitely finer physical figure. I think over my report written in 1935. It refers to a visit of a Dutch doctor. He was some weeks going through the country associated with one of our medical officers. He was always shocked by the evidence of malnutrition which he observed in these areas. He stated he had 20 years' experience in the Dutch East Indies and, although he had personal knowledge of conditions resulting from vitamin deficiency, he had never seen such distressing conditions as existed here among the East Indian laboring population who were apparently—men and women—suffering from the absence of all the known vitamins. At the hospital the doctor took cases at random and showed me the ravages which are being caused by deficiency diseases among the East Indian laboring population."

This admission so aroused public opinion that the governor, with the approval of the Secretary of State for the Colonies, appointed a commission to investigate the cause of the unrest and the conditions of labor in the island.

Policy of Repression

Inspired by their success, the workers began to organize trade unions for the first time in the history of the island in order to safeguard their gains and to press for the right of collective bargaining. But as to be expected, the employers who are organized into a powerful chamber of commerce, bitterly opposed trade unionism, denouncing the unions as unlawful bodies, hotbeds of sedition and Bolshevism, and would have no dealings with them. On the other hand, the government, while recognizing the unions, has adopted a policy which, if continued, will reduce their effectiveness and usefulness in defending the economic interests of the workers.

In order to stifle all criticism, the first thing the governor did was to impose a censorship upon the press during the strike and to threaten native editors with summary imprisonment if they dared to comment upon the military measures he had adopted, and especially the hunt which the police, aided by marines and volunteers, had started for Butler and other strike leaders. Entire villages were rounded up and house-to-house searches carried out.

Since then a more direct move to curb the activities of the unions by denying them the possibility of public assembly has been made. It is significant that the government made this move immediately after the United Kingdom members of the Commission departed from the colony. In a letter addressed to the Mayor, Aldermen and Councillors of the Municipality of Port of Spain, the Colonial Secretary, the Hon. A. W. Seymour, C.M.G., appealed to that body to cooperate with the government to prohibit the workers from using public squares and open spaces in the city for meetings.

In Trinidad, like most other colonies, there are few halls suitable for workers' assemblies, and those which exist are owned by employers who, naturally, would not rent them to unions, even if the workers were in a position to pay. The only places, therefore, where workers can hold their meetings are on common lands; and since such places are under the direct control of the Municipal Corporation, the government, in order to carry out its attack upon free speech and assembly, is importuning the civic council. The government has even gone a step further in its determination to stifle all criticism and to put the fear of God into the hearts of the natives.

At a meeting of the legislative council on November 13, a body whose majority are government officials and nominees of the governor representing vast interests, such as oil, agriculture, commerce, etc., a new sedition ordinance received its first reading. The bill provides that:

(1) Whoever does or attempts to do, or makes any preparation to do, or conspires with any person to do, any act with a seditious intention, and whoever utters any words having a seditious intention, shall be guilty of a misdemeanor.

(2) Whoever publishes, sells, offers for sale, distributes, or with a view to its being published, prints, writes, composes, makes, produces imports, or has in his possession, power or control, any seditious publication, shall be guilty of a misdemeanor.

(3) Every person guilty of a misdemeanor under this section shall, on conviction or indictment, be liable to a fine not exceeding four thousand dollars or to imprisonment with or without hard labor for a term not exceeding two years or to both fine and imprisonment, or on summary conviction before a magistrate, to a fine not exceeding four hundred and eighty dollars or to imprisonment for a term not exceeding six months or to both such fine and imprisonment.

Three days later, to coincide with the opening of the trial of Butler* and twenty other trade union leaders before the Criminal Assizes, the governor ordered H.M.S. York to Port of Spain and brought a company of Sherwood Foresters from Bermuda by Canadian Government steamer, as a salutary gesture to the populace. And to add insult to injury, the maintenance of these troops will be borne by the taxpayers.

Intimidation has reached such a stage that even members of the legislative council are afraid to open their mouths without running the risk of being jailed. For example, at a recent meeting of the legislative council the governor, in addition to charging the colony with the upkeep and maintenance of the British garrison, voted the sum of $51,000 for arming a special volunteer force recruited from the sons of the bourgeoisie on the excuse that it is necessary for the colony to prepare itself against foreign invasion! Captain Cipriani, however, objected to the expenditure of such a large sum upon military at a time when the workers are suffering from economic depression. He described the measure as class legislation; arming the forces to quell labor unrest in the interests of the imperialists. The governor took objection to Cipriani's statement and said he would refer the matter to the attorney general, adding the warning that there was no "privilege" to members of the legislative council!

Lloyd Smith, a native journalist and editor of the *Sunday Chronicle,* is being charged with sedition for publishing a letter signed by an ex-civil servant, alleged to be derogatory to the service. Mr. Smith was scheduled to appear before the Criminal Assizes in January.

Ten Years for Labor Leader

A similar wave of repression is sweeping over the island of Barbados, a neighboring colony of Trinidad, also recently the scene of labor disturbances. A number of workers' leaders are now being charged before the Criminal Assizes with sedition and rebellion. The trial of all the accused has not been completed, but one man by the name of Ulrich Grant has been sentenced already to ten years' imprisonment for taking part in a demonstration of unemployed in Bridgetown last July.

Clem Payne, a young man born in Trinidad of Barbadian parents, who attempted to organize the workers into a trade union was arrested and deported from the colony by order of Sir Mark Young, governor of the island. On his arrival in Trinidad, he was immediately arrested and sent to prison for six weeks for being in possession of a pamphlet entitled "Liberty," sold in the islands to natives by a religious denomination known as the International Bible Society or Watch Tower Movement, with headquarters in Brooklyn, New York.

After 140 years of Crown Colony rule—a form of British autocracy—the people of Trinidad and other West Indian colonies are still smarting under a number of economic, political and social grievances which are becoming aggravated by the dictatorial methods of administrators. It is high time for a fundamental change in the political constitutions of these colonies along the road to self-determination. It is the duty of Negroes in America, West Indians, in particular, to help the islanders in their struggles for better economic, political and social conditions.

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* News has just reached London that Butler has been sentenced to two years, the maximum penalty.

Selling Out the Workers

By A. J. Allen

ONE of the most important qualities of effective minority group leadership is opportunism. This ability to take advantage of opportunities as they present themselves, properly used, can ofttimes more than compensate for numerical or material weakness. And minorities have a right to expect such opportunism in intelligent leaders.

Especially is this ability at a premium in a period of swift and unprecedented change such as this through which we are now passing. Old creeds and customs are crumbling, party lines are dissolving, social and economic stratification that has stood for scores of years is breaking up before our eyes and new alliances are being formed.

Earning a livelihood has always been fundamental in any reasoned consideration of the American Negro's problems. Sociologists and economists have for years told the Negro that since his is predominantly a race of workers, his interests are those of the working class. This means, primarily, alignment with organized labor, with the trade union movement.

Yet however valid the theory, union color lines prevented such alignment from taking place and the Negro was forced by economic necessity to allow the employer to play him as a scab and a cheaper worker against white labor.

However, since 1935 there has arisen a group of unions in the mass production industries which welcome Negro membership. Whether this welcome is extended because of an enlightened sense of brotherly love or because of a realization of the Negro's strong position in these industries, is neither here nor there. The thing that does matter is that in the industrial form of unionism common ground has been found on which black and white labor, long pitted against each other, can unite.

Here is a chance, if there ever was one, for Negro leadership to take opportunity by the forelock and effect a unity of forces which, more than any other single move, would make secure the position of the Negro bread-winner in the American ecenomy.

Said James Weldon Johnson in 1934, "Organized labor holds the main gate of our industrial and economic corral; and on the day that it throws open that gate in realization of the truth that the cause of the white worker and the cause of the black worker are one, there will be a crack in the wall of racial discrimination that will be heard round the world."*

Will the leadership of a working population seize the opportunity of forming an alliance with progressive industrial unionism as represented by the C.I.O.? The writer hopes so, but seems to have his doubts

Leaders Standing Pat

But our leaders are standing pat. And Negro labor for the most part is standing pat. Those few black workers who have cast their lot with the C.I.O. have done so largely without the benefit of Negro clergy or Negro editorial sanction. What could have been an Exodus from Egypt has thus far turned out to be a fizzle.

Negro leadership in many places is doing worse than standing pat. In trying to stand up so straight it has leaned over backwards into a morass of extreme conservatism.

During the Little Steel Strike of last spring, investigators found Ohio employers using Negro churches as recruiting stations for strike breakers.

Not only did Detroiters protest the appearance of union officials on the public programs of the N.A.A.C.P. national conference, but they even refused audience to the president of Howard university because he had made what were reputed to be liberal statements. The objection to Dr. Mordecai W. Johnson was that he had on a previous visit dared allude to a fact known by every high school student of economics, "Labor finds its strength through organization." The hue and cry was that because of this speech several Negroes lost their jobs. But, according to the news releases, these unfortunates could not be located.

It is interesting to speculate as to the "why" of this phenomenon of reactionary leaders of a proletarian population. Ten years ago it might have been blamed on allegiance to the Republican party, but today that allegiance, together with its object, has pretty well gone by the board.

Ignorance to Blame

Some claim the employers control everything in most communities and this by necessity would include Negro leadership. But in many cases it is probably nearer the truth to say that it is the fear of employer control rather than its actual exercise that keeps the local leader jumping through the hoop.

Other answers could be attempted, but to many none would seem to be more convincing than Samuel Johnson's classic response to an old lady's query as to why he had made such an obvious error: "Ignorance, Madame, pure ignorance!"

It is no doubt true that in some instances a policy of watchful waiting may be superior to vociferous pronouncements, for cool headed calculations often net more than headlong attack. But there should be no power on earth strong enough to make a man take up arms against a movement for the best interests of his people.

And then, there's another angle to it. If white labor is forced to fight alone in its battle for better working conditions and a higher standard of living, is it likely that the Negro will be invited to share rewards he did not help to earn? There used to be a story about a little red hen who, after trying futilely to get the other barnyard animals to help her prepare a meal, spread the table and asked, "Now, who will eat this meal?" To say her listeners were very willing would be understatement. But her curt come-back was, "Oh, no you won't. I will!" And she did!

The American race problem has brought us many anomalies. But it may be some time before it equals the Negro leader, supported by workingmen's dollars, leading a working population, and yet enunciating a philosophy which would do credit to the original economic royalist or the most eloquent spokesman for America's "sixty sinister families."

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* Johnson, James Weldon: *Negro Americans, What Now?* New York: The Viking Press, 1934. p. 66-7

Against Jim-Crow Cars

Congressmen Arthur W. Mitchell introduced in January a bill to amend the transportation act so as to prohibit the segregation of interstate passengers (on trains) on account of race, color, or religion. He is seeking to have hearings on the bill.

Nominations Invited For Spingarn Medal

The public is invited to submit nominations for the Spingarn Medal to Oswald Garrison Villard, chairman of the award committee, 69 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Editorials

We Lose, But We Win

EVEN without supporting argument, the facts in the struggles to pass a federal anti-lynching bill indicate plainly that although the bill was not passed, a victory of considerable significance was won.

Everyone connected with the fight realized long ago that the campaign was not against a specific number of lynchings, but against a system of which lynching was a most important part. The fôrces supporting the anti-lynching bill had hoped all along to pass the bill, and while they hoped and believed such a law would check lynching, their greatest hope was that a federal check on mobs would expose more thoroughly the status of partial citizenship of the Negro in most places in the South, as well as the hopelessly reactionary tendencies of some southern representatives in the Congress.

In the 47-day filibuster against the Gavagan-Wagner-Van Nuys anti-lynching bill the hopes of the supporters of the bill were realized beyond their fondest dreams. The bill has been sidetracked and will come up again at this session only by a miracle. But out of the mouths of the southern senators themselves have come revelations which would have taken years of painstaking propaganda to bring to light. Through Bilbo, Ellender, McKellar, Connally, "Cotton Ed" Smith, Harrison, Miller and Glass the Old South has been paraded before the country and the world. (The New South disowned the filibusterers months ago.)

The old guard declared, in effect, that lynching was necessary to maintain the "way of life" in the South and that they did not propose to have anyone interfere with that way. That way of life includes denial of all civil rights to Negroes, and especially the right to vote. The eminent and able Pat Harrison of Mississippi declared that a demand for the franchise would follow the passage of the anti-lynching bill. A plausible deduction is that lynching is necessary to maintain disfranchisement.

More important than the revelation of their attitude toward the Negro is the exposure of their attitude toward fundamental democratic rights. In this aspect of the filibuster they created the sorriest spectacle and, truly, in the words of the Montgomery, Ala., *Advertiser,* "made every honest southerner's face red with shame." For make no mistake about it, these men not only do not believe in democracy for Negroes, *they do not believe in democracy.*

Let labor beware. Let other racial and religious minorities beware. Let the poor whites of the South beware. Let all lovers of freedom beware. Let peace crusaders be warned. Let the defenders of civil liberties take heed. For men who can wink at terrorism, torture and bestiality and talk for 47 days against a proposal that the government of the United States do something about it are no friends of democracy or liberty.

It was a beautiful job. They do not know how well they performed. The system has been laid bare for all to see. The men who work the system have been spotlighted pitilessly. The lynchers have been put on the spot. The hapless Negro, plaything of mobs, merely furnished the cue for a drama as cruel in its delineation as a Voltaire satire.

We lose, but we win.

Good Work

THE United States Attorney General's office and the federal court in Mississippi are to be congratulated upon the conviction of a planter on a charge of peonage. Still another planter has been indicted in Alabama. The government ought to keep up the good work of making the law mean something to the people who need its protection most.

Radio Highlight

TO those of its readers who have not yet had the good fortune to hear it, THE CRISIS recommends most heartily the half hour of choral music every Sunday morning known as "Wings Over Jordan." It comes from Cleveland, O., over the Columbia Broadcasting System, reaching eastern stations at 9 o'clock. The New York outlet is station WABC. These thirty minutes of radio time contain some of the grandest choral singing on the air by a choir of unaccompanied Negro voices. This group is in the same class with the great Tuskegee choir, and rivals, in the richness of its effects, the best that the famed Salt Lake City Tabernacle choir has offered, although it is not as large as either. Not the least of the attractive features of "Wings Over Jordan" are the interpolations of the Rev. Glenn T. Settle and the five- or six-minute talk—sometimes a sermon—by an outstanding colored minister or educator.

There have been many religious and semi-religious programs by Negroes on the air, locally and nationally, and some have been excellent, while others have been pure "clowning." In "Wings Over Jordan," however, the intelligence, brevity and interest of the talks and the thrilling beauty of the music have combined to make a feature of which CBS and the Negro race can be proud.

Medals for Glory

THE news dispatches of the past month have carried notices which might serve as a suggestion to our own Spingarn Medal award committee. The king of Norway awarded the Order of St. Olaf to Sonja Henie, the miracle queen of ice skaters, "for publicizing the good name of Norway throughout the world." The other day the king of England bestowed the Order of the Commander of the British Empire upon Gracie Fields, the English comedienne, for her work on the stage.

For many years the Spingarn Medal award committee has been giving out a medal for the most distinguished achievement of an American Negro. Most of the medals have gone to educators, publicists, and persons who have distinguished themselves in the fine arts. What about our great athletes who have carried the fame of the Negro into the farthest corners of the world? Many of these men are internationally known and have brought glory and honor to the name of the American Negro. The awards by the kings of Norway and England suggest that the Spingarn Medal award committee might broaden the scope of its action without sacrificing any of the dignity inherent in the honor.

Tain't So!

WORD comes from Memphis, Tenn., that the local movie censors cut the film "Hollywood Hotel" to eliminate the scene showing the famous Benny Goodman quartet, composed of two Negro and two white musicians. The excuse was that the city had an ordinance prohibiting any theatrical scene showing Negroes and whites on an equality!

We sympathize with the city fathers of Memphis. They are in a spot. They have got to try to maintain local white prestige, no matter how difficult the task. So Benny Goodman, Teddy Wilson, Gene Krupa and Lionel Hampton may have played at the Dallas, Texas, Centennial Exposition; they may enter the homes of thousands of Memphians—on an equality—via the phonograph record and the radio; their movies may play to millions; but the Memphis censors know better than all these.

They say: tain't so!

Conjure Man

(*Continued from page* 73)

in his slowest, deepest, most mysterious tones.

"Samba, I sees a heap in dis yeah crystal. Hit's tekin' me 'way back to de pas'. His' tekkin' me back twenty yeahs, an' some ovah. I sees a low, shackly buildin'—low an' long. De front is lak a sto'.—Yes, I sees de wo'ds, 'Gin'ral Sto' on a long, uster-be-white boa'd crost de front.—Don' move, you clouds my vision.

"Hit's fo' noon on a hot day. I sees a man—hit looks lak Bob, yo' husban', comin' in de do'. He got up to de countah; he speakin' to do white man behin' de countah. De man is cloudy. Now he's comin' cleah. Hit's Mistah Thornton. Don' jump like dat, Samba! You 'sturbs me. Mistah Joe Thornton, what owned de gin'ral sto' heah long time ago. De two men talks. Dey is gittin' angry, somehow. Bob seems to be speakin' mighty imperdent to Mistah Joe. Mistah Joe jump ovah de countah —an' lams Bob in de face. Bob, he sprawls in de flo'. Now he's pickin' hisse'f up. He goes out. He done learn hits dang'ous speakin' back to a white man in Louisiana."

" 'Tain't so, Elias, 'tain't so! I'm goin' out fum heah! Let me out!" Samba had arisen swiftly and was even then on her way to the door.

"Set down!" Elias' bellow filled the little shack and rolled back from every rafter and corner. Samba shrank back to her seat. Elias resumed his steady gazing at the crystal.

"Hit's mighty cloudy, now, 'cause you done broke in. Now, now hit's clearin' once mo'. Hit's black night—no moon, no stahs, I sees two figgahs, a man an' a woman—"

Samba moaned.

"—creepin' up to de side of de gin'ral sto'. Dey looks in de back winder, what's pahtly open. I sees Mistah Joe sprawled ovah a table—he drunk, as usual. He done fogot hisse'f, too, fo' de big safe whut stan's in dis room be open. De two at de winder waits an' watches. Now de man be climbin' in. What's dat he got in his han'? I b'lieve my soul hit's—a—club. Dat's what hit is!"

"You're makin' that up, Elias!"

Ignoring the woman's wildly shrieked words, the old man went on: "He bring hit down on Mistah Joe's haid. Mistah Joe falls ovah—daid. De man grabs de big sack o' money outen de safe, an' passes hit thoo de winder to de 'ooman. Now he's settin' fiah to de room, now he's climbin' outen de winder. Him an' de 'ooman goes back o' de sto', an' down to de woods, but not fo' I done seen dey faces—in de crystal. Dey is—"

"No! No!" Samba fled shrieking to the door. She rattled it, shook it, but the lock held fast.

Unperturbed, Elias continued. "Dey is Bob an' you, Samba. Lucky fo' you two, de fiah done swep' de shack clean as a whistle, an burn de dead man to ashes, 'fo hit was put out. Ev'ybody thinks to dis day dat Mistah Joe done upsot his lamp an' burn hisse'f to death. Dey thinks de little box o' coin an' bills dey foun' in de safe was all he had, 'cause he was always close-mouthed 'bout hisse'f.

"But two folks knows bettah, doesn't dey? An' dey's 'fraid to make no display wid de money dey's stole, so dey meks 'way wid hit. I can't see whah, jes' now, 'cause yo' noise done clouded dis ball. Come here an' set down agin."

Whimpering, Samba sat down once more. Elias eyes her sternly.

"Samba, yo' whole life's done been cursed by dat evil deed. Now listen to me. Dey is one way fo' you to end yo' days in peace, an' git de bes' o' yo' enemies. Does you want to know dat way?"

Samba's "Yes" was smothered in sobs.

Elias nodded his head slowly, sagely.

"Now, dis ve'y night, aftah you leaves heah, walk back de way you come twell you reaches de end of dis lane of trees right befo' my do'. Den take de path dat leads to yo' right. Follow hit twell you gits to de aidge of de bayou in de cypress swamp by de big cypress what was struck by lightnin' las' summah. Now, when you git there, follow dese directions close.—Is you listenin'?"

Samba nodded mutely.

"Fust, call on de sperrits of de air three times. Name de place whah dat money's hid, an' lif' de curse f'um hit. Jest say, 'Go to—name de place—an' bless what's there. Den, name aloud three times whatever hit is you wants done dis night by de spell I puts on dese token you done brung. Aftah de third time, drop dem in de bayou. Wait right whah you is at on de bayou aidge fo' forty-five minutes. Den go home, an' when you gits da, what-so-never you want did will be did. You got a watch?"

"No."

"Well, heah's my turnip. Dat lantern you got will he'p you see de watch face. You kin return my timepiece in de mornin'."

Samba slipped the watch into her apron pocket. Her hands trembled so that she almost dropped it. At a sign from Elias she arose from the table.

"Remembah, Samba, ef you does one little thing wrong, de curse what you brings on yo' enemy will bounce back on you. Onnerstan'?"

Again Samba nodded. She was past the power of speech. "You's sho'? Well, den, you may go, as soon as—"

Elias paused with a cough intended to be delicately suggestive of what he expected the next step to be.

Turning her back to him, Samba drew from her bosom a bulging, tightly-tied handkerchief. Loosening the knots with teeth and fingers, she finally untied it. Holding it carefully by the four corners, she placed the handkerchief on the table, and revealed its contents, a pile of quarters, fifty-cent pieces, silver dollars, and an occasional dollar in currency. Together they counted the pile—twenty-five dollars, exactly.

Smiling grimly, Elias said, "T'anks. Now do as I said, an' repo't to me in de mornin', or some time tomorrow night, ef hit suits yo' modesty bettah."

Mumbling that she would, Samba passed out of the door into the cloudy night. As she moved down the obscured path, the numbing sensation which had enveloped her body seemed now to invade her very brain. She could not think—she dared not. Her mind was a jungle of bewilderment, fear, hate, and wonderment. How had Elias found out all this? Was it really through the crystal, or had he known it all these years—that terrible secret Samba had thought buried with Bob?

Why had Elias directed her to take this path, when the one leading from the west side of his shanty was the shortest and the most direct route? He had made her take the longest and most indirect way through dense bushes and tall, darkly towering trees. For a moment she was tempted to try the shorter path, but fear of what might be the consequence of such disobedience held her feet in the path Elias had said she must follow.

It was a journey of torture. There was no light save that of her lantern, which served only to make the darkness more dark. The clouds in the sky were now like a heavy black curtain, a canopy drawn close around the earth, shutting out moonlight, starlight and air. Not daring to look back, hardly daring to go on, fearing almost to put her feet on the ground because of the possibility of stepping on some unseen, fearful night creature that might be in the way, she moved forward. Once, in a pine thicket, some drifting needles sifted against her cheek. She choked back a terrified scream. Again, a dark figure very much like a black cat, scudded across her path into the underbrush.

At last, sheer in her path, like one leg of a black giant whose body reared above the clouds, and whose other leg might be forty leagues away, there rose the trunk of a mighty cypress tree, which had been excoriated by lightning. To Samba, the marks left by the lightning danced and wriggled in the lantern

(*Continued on page* 89)

From the Press of the Nation

Editorial of the Month

Senator Glass

The Richmond, Va., *Planet*

ADVANCED age usually softens tempers and dispositions. Prejudices, hatreds, ambitions, bitterness and vanities are invariably left behind when one reaches the summit of the peak of life where beyond lies only the chasm of the eternities.

United States Senator Carter Glass from Virginia is an exception to the rule. His speech in opposition to the Wagner-VanNuys anti-lynch bill proves the point. It was perhaps the most bitter and prejudiced speech delivered during the course of the asinine filibuster which has ensued since the measure became the order of business on the calendar of the U. S. Senate.

Senator Glass has no opposition for his seat in the U. S. Senate except that of death. Why the old man should indulge in such a diatribe which dishonors him and renders a distinct dis-service to the reputation of Virginia beggars of explanation. We can afford to be charitable, however, in this instance. The aged U. S. Senator from Virginia has a rendezvous with his conscience as the inevitable hour rapidly approaches. We are positive that this meeting place will be harassed by ghosts of remorses and regrets for his inhumanity to his fellowmen who by chance were born colored.

After twenty-two years, Georgia has ceased being a victim of prohibition. Local option will now prevail and so, in accordance with the vote, some counties will be open for the liquor traffic, but as before, none of the counties will suffer from excessive dryness.—*The Union,* Cincinnati, O.

The Alabama senator (Bankhead) made the statement that the "opponents of the anti-lynching bill are better friends of the colored people than those supporting the measure." These "real friends" could have proven their friendship by preventing some of the hundreds of lynchings that have taken place during the past years, or they could have at least made a real honest effort to bring to justice some of the participants. Their failure to do these things is the main cause of the pending bill against the crime.—The Savannah, Ga., *Tribune.*

When a manufacturer supports the high-tariff party, his choice arouses no comment. It is expected of him that he work in his own interest. When a poor WPA worker votes for more public expenditure, it is the same situation. His motive being the same as the other's, he also should be spared condemnation for acting in his own interest.

By juggling its logic, the public calls a big steal smart, and then scorns the petty thief as a fool. No wonder it is hard for the simple minded to know what is right.—*The Call,* Kansas City, Mo.

The "great suffering and sacrifice of the Confederacy" about which the professional Southerners have wailed since 1865, needed to be effectively debunked, because it is the cornerstone of the most of the attacks on the Negro and the stock apology for disfranchisement, discrimination, segregation and countless inequalities and insults.

Dr. Charles H. Wesley of Howard University has effectively debunked this myth in his "Collapse of the Confederacy," which Dr. Carter Woodson's Associated Publishers has just released.—The Pittsburgh, Pa., *Courier.*

The newly instituted practice put in vogue by the present city administration of refusing to recognize Negroes on the civil service lists as appointees for vacant positions unless the positions "fit" the Negro, in the opinion of the appointing officer, is a particularly dangerous one—and should be immediately broken up. . . .

Negroes should be employed in any position under civil service to which their ability entitles them, and no restriction should be imposed upon Negro civil service eligibles that are not equally applied to all other American citizens.—Cleveland, O., *Eagle.*

. . . . On the other side of the picture we find the loyalty of Senator Wagner something of which the Negro should be proud. His speech, which was delayed because of illness, was a masterpiece in answer to the charges of unconstitutionality of the bill. He pointed out that it was not up to the Senate to determine this point, at the same time giving assurance that it was within the police powers of the federal government and the 14th amendment. His was, we feel certain, the most sincere speech during the entire session. . . .—New York *Age.*

A careful reading of the speeches in the Senate against the anti-lynching bill gives added strength to the argument that lynching is the result of a system which is more horrible than the taking of human life. An analysis of all the talk shows clearly an attempt to justify lynching on the ground that colored Americans are inferior.

Those who think that lynching is simply the outbreak of a mob had better change their thinking. It is a deep-seated, studied attempt to prevent colored Americans from securing their rights as citizens . . . —Philadelphia, Pa., *Tribune.*

To the charge of playing politics, hurled at proponents of the anti-lynching bill, this may be said: The entire history of politics as played in the South during the past 100 years identifies the long-winded oratory of the filibusters with the technique employed by them to rise from obscurity to the halls of Congress. They could not wish a juicier morsel with which to enhance their political prestige with a large element back home. At that, they are trailing behind public sentiment on the question of lynching. They are echoing the fear and resentment of law enforcement officers who do not want to stop a mob when to do so may cost them votes.—Norfolk *Journal and Guide.*

James Weldon Johnson is entirely right when he says that the treatment given the Negro citizen is the test of America. Christianity that never brings forth brotherhood is a lie, according to the Scriptures. Democracy that does not include all must also be a lie, according to the same logic . . . —*The Call,* Kansas City, Mo.

Along the N.A.A.C.P. Battlefront

Anti-lynching Bill Laid Aside by 58-22 Vote

On February 21, the Gavagan-Wagner-VanNuys anti-lynching bill was displaced from its preferred position on the Senate calendar when the Senate voted 58–22 to take up President Roosevelt's $250,000,000 emergency relief bill.

The anti-lynching bill was laid aside only after Senator Robert F. Wagner, co-sponsor, had made a speech in which he stated that the supporters of the bill would do nothing to stand in the way of relief for thousands of needy persons throughout the country, both white and colored. Senator Wagner referred to the two attempts to secure cloture and expressed his regret that the Republican members of the Senate had refused to vote for cloture.

Senator Charles L. NcNary, Republican minority leader, replied by stating that the Republicans, as a minority, could not be in favor of cloture, although they were for the bill (except Borah and Hale, of Maine) and that he believed the Democrats, with a vast majority, could have invoked cloture if they had chosen to do so.

The motion to take up the relief bill followed the failure on February 16 of the second attempt to invoke the cloture rule to limit debate on the bill. The vote on cloture was 42 for and 46 against. It was almost a foregone conclusion that if the second attempt at cloture failed, a move would be made to take up the relief bill, which had been sent over to the Congress several days previously by President Roosevelt. The sponsors of the anti-lynching bill felt that of all the bills in Congress, the relief bill was the one measure they could not successfully oppose. The filibuster against the anti-lynching bill lasted 47 days—an all-time record on this type of legislation, indicating a new and highly respected political strength of Negro voters in the northern and western states.

In a statement issued immediately after the vote February 21, Walter White, N.A.A.C.P. secretary, said:

"The side-tracking of the anti-lynching bill is, of course, a bitter dose for all those, north and south and of all races, who have worked so long for its passage.

"But the emergency nature of the relief bill gave no other alternative. Both measures — relief and anti-lynching — were aimed at the alleviation of human suffering.

"The fight is not ended nor ever will be ended until lynching and all that it connotes is wiped out. We wish to express our deep appreciation to Senator Wagner and other senators who loyally, and in face of bitter abuse and personal attacks, stood firm."

The April issue of THE CRISIS will contain a comprehensive review of the fight for and the filibuster against the anti-lynching bill. The April issue will be practically an anti-lynching bill number.

N.A.A.C.P. Takes Murder Case to High Court

The case of Joe Hale, who was convicted of murder in the first degree in Paducah, Ky., October 13, 1936, will be argued before the United States supreme court March 28 by attorneys of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People and the state of Kentucky. Hale is supposed to have killed a white man. At his first trial his lawyers, Copeland and Copeland, filed a motion to quash the indictment on the ground that all qualified Negro citizens of the county had been excluded from the grand jury of the county for more than fifty years.

After Hale's conviction was confirmed by the Kentucky court of appeals, the Paducah Colored Civic League appealed to the N.A.A.P.C. Charles H. Houston, Leon A. Ransom, Thurgood Marshall and Edward P. Lovett are the N.A.A.C.P. attorneys.

"Birth of a Nation" Revived, Draws Protests

What seems to be a widespread attempt to revive the race-hating film "The Birth of a Nation" is being protested in several centers. Some months ago, the film was offered in an adult education class at a large New York high school, but was stopped at the last moment by action of Mayor LaGuardia. A few weeks prior to that time, the film was used in a class on history of the cinema at New York university. Reports reached the national office of the N.A.A.C.P. that the film was to be used in a similar class at Wesleyan university at Middletown, Conn., which suggested that the film was being taken on a tour of universities.

In the past few weeks, the New York city schools have been mailed circulars from a commercial film library offering "The Birth of a Nation" for showing in schools on the ground that it is a film of "great historical significance." More recently, the film was shown in Washington, D. C., where it was picketed and protested by delegations of Negro and liberal organizations.

Meanwhile, apparently authentic information has come to the N.A.A.C.P. from one of its California branches that Cecil B. DeMille, who produced the original silent film, has announced publicly over the radio that he intends to make a talking picture of it.

Acording to N.A.A.C.P. files, the old film was barred in 18 states and in numerous cities because it was deemed to be an incitement to riot and a contributor to race hatred. The N.A.A.C.P. urges its branches and friends to be on the alert for the attempted revival of "The Birth of a Nation" in their communities and to organize protests against its showing.

Philadelphia Branch Raises $3,055 during 1937

The Philadelphia, Pa., branch reports total receipts of $3,055.79 for 1937, of which sum nearly two thousand dollars was sent to the national office and a donation was made to the Scottsboro defense.

The branch re-elected Dr. Harry J. Greene as president, and Mrs. A. L. McDougald was elected secretary. The outgoing secretary is I. Maximilian Martin, who served five years.

The Philadelphia branch sold nearly 4,000 "stop lynching" buttons in a campaign, under direction of Mrs. McDougald, to help pay the expenses of the fight for a federal anti-lynching law. They also took part in the sale of N.A.A.C.P. Christmas seals and protested and fought many local cases in defense of colored people's civil and legal rights.

Other officers and executive committee members of the branch are: Dr. T. A. Williams, Herbert T. Miller, Miss Helen Bryan, Jacob Billikopf, Dr. T. S. Burwell, Dr. Charles W. Dorsey, Miss Hattie Conway, Miss Susan Masseaux, Henry C. Patterson, Miss Florine Brown, Mrs. Susie Washington, and Aloysius Cuyjet.

Mobile to Challenge White Primary

Because Negroes were not permitted to vote in the Democratic primary held in January to select a nominee for the U. S. Senate, the vote in the primary being tantamount to election, the Mobile, Ala., branch hopes to test the matter in the courts. Mrs. Emma Freeman, Alex Herman, Conrad Dean, and several other colored citizens presented themselves at the polls but were told that only white people would be allowed to vote in the primary.

The Mobile branch also has filed vigorous protests with the Teche Bus lines against its policy of forcing colored people to give up seats in overcrowded buses. The company has a custom of permitting buses in terminals to be filled up by whites and of keeping Negroes waiting for either the next bus or an extra bus. The latest protest of the branch was occasioned by the treatment accorded the 3 Pope sisters, stage and screen celebrities, who were enroute from New York to Mobile during the holiday season.

Jamaica Branch Defends Seven Accused of Murder

The Jamaica, N. Y. branch has undertaken the task of defending seven colored men recently arrested in connection with a street fight between groups of white and colored people. One white man was found dead when the police arrived and a number of both colored and white participants were bruised. Seven of the Negroes were arrested and placed in jail on charges of homicide, felonious assault and disorderly conduct. Five of the whites were given summonses for disorderly conduct only. At the trial for disorderly conduct, all of the Negroes were found guilty. One was sentenced to six months in jail, two were given sixty days, and the sentences of the other four were suspended. All of the seven Negroes are bound over to the grand jury on charges of homicide and felonious assault. All of the whites involved were found not guilty of disorderly conduct and freed.

The Jamaica branch, believing there was discrimination on the part of the police officers investigating the affair, and that an injustice was being done the defendants because of color, called a mass meeting for January 30. The men involved, who were out on bail, and lawyers in the case were present. A special defense committee of interested colored and white persons was formed for the purpose of raising funds and enlisting the cooperation of religious, fraternal, civic and other organizations in the case. A mass meeting for the purpose of arousing sentiment will be held at the Town Hall March 16.

Columbus Opens Office in Preparation for Conference

The Columbus, Ohio, branch, which is to entertain the 29th annual conference of the N.A.A.C.P. June 28–July 3, has opened local offices to conduct the work of the branch and to prepare for the conference at 1026 East Long street. Pictures of local, state and national officers, a new scrapbook of local branch activities, and records of cases handled by the Columbus branch were on display among the rich assortment of flowers donated by local florists.

John R. Butler, executive secretary of the Spring street Y.M.C.A., has the honor of doing the first cash business through the new office. Mr. Butler's contribution to the New Crusade for Liberty Campaign is the first shown on the office cash register. Mr. Cowen, of the Superior Dry Cleaning company, has the honor of being the first person to take out a membership through the new office.

Jesse G. Dickinson, the local president, indicated that the office would have a complete library of works by Negro authors and books of particular interest to colored people. The office will sell weekly newspapers, THE CRISIS and *Opportunity* magazines, as well as some few concessions. A bulletin board will display the latest information concerning national, state and local civil service examinations and a public stenographer will be available for reports, term papers, and thesis.

The office will be open regularly from ten until five o'clock except Sundays. Desks are being installed for the office clerk, Senior branch, and for the youth council. These new facilities have been made possible through the untiring efforts of a faithful board and a most capable vice-president in the person of Barbee Wm. Durham.

Branch News

The **Bryn Mawr, Pa.,** branch had two very interesting meetings in January. At the regular meeting held January 10, Boy Scout Troop No. 2 gave a very interesting exhibition of their skill in the tying of knots. On Sunday, January 16, the annual sermon was preached to the branch. The meeting was held at Saints Memorial Baptist church. The Rev. J. A. Younger, pastor, was the speaker. Dr. Harry Green, president of the Philadelphia branch, gave a history of the N.A.A.C.P.

The **Jamaica, N. Y.,** branch celebrated Negro History Week with several special programs. The meetings began with a Lincoln-Douglass celebration and mass meeting on Friday, February 11. Dr. Max Yergan, former missionary to Africa, delivered the principal address.

The second annual state conference of the New York State branches will be held at New Rochelle, possibly in the early part of May.

The **Atlanta, Ga.,** branch held its annual mass meeting and emancipation program on January 2 with the Rev. William Holmes Borders, newly appointed pastor of Greater Wheat Street Baptist church, delivering the principal address. Close to 2,000 people packed the church auditorium, marking the second largest crowd the annual mass meetings have attracted. A collection, including membership fees, netted the organization **$200.**

The **Louisville, Ky.,** branch held its annual emancipation celebration with a program at Asbury Chapel on January 2. The Rev. W. E. Spillman gave the principal address. Dr. P. O. Sweeney, president of the branch, also spoke. January 16 the branch sponsored a day of prayer. Pastors of all churches offered a special prayer for the passage of the anti-lynching bill.

The **Rochester, N. Y.,** branch sponsored a mass meeting with the Scottsboro Defense Committee in Mt. Olivet Baptist church, January 24. Richard B. Moore, and two of the Scottsboro boys, Roy Wright and Olin Montgomery attended and spoke. George B. Corwin, a member of the branch executive committee, was recently appointed Hi-Y director of the entire country.

Miss Etta Moten, Chicago contralto, appeared in a recital at the East High school, Friday, February 4, under the auspices of the **Columbus, Ohio,** branch.

The **New Bedford, Mass.,** branch was revived and reorganized at a public meeting held in the reception room of the New Bedford Home for the Aged on Friday, February 4.

Some 200 members of the **Springfield, Mass.,** branch gathered at St. John's Congregational church on February 2 to pay tribute to the retiring secretary, Dr. Bruce T. Bowens, and to listen to an address by Dean William Pickens, director of branches of the N.A.A.C.P. A gift of money was presented to Dr. Bowens on behalf of the association by Dr. William N. DeBerry.

A "Mid-Winter Frolic" was held January 19 in the Dunbar Associates club rooms for the benefit of the **Cambridge, Mass.,** branch. Mayor Lyons and William Pickens were among the principal speakers at a meeting sponsored by the branch on Sunday, January 30, at St. Bartholomew's church.

A joint meeting of the executive committees of the **Rahway, N. J.,** branch and the youth council was held on January 28 at the home of Miss Dorothy Bailey to plan for an anti-lynching rally and demonstration on February 11.

The **St. Louis, Mo.,** branch was one of the organizations that launched protests with the officials of WPA against the discrimination of Negro workers on local projects.

The American Negro Ballet, a group of 30 dance artists who have won acclaim both in this country and Europe, appeared in a program February 1 at the Wood Auditorium in **Mt. Vernon, N. Y.,** under the auspices of the N.A.A.C.P.

A rally to urge passage of the anti-lynching bill by the Senate was held February 2 at St. Phillips church, 214 W. 134th St., New York City.

Dean William Pickens, director of branches, spoke on the progress of the American Negro in Coppins Hall, February 15, for the men's organization of the Richmond Avenue M. E. church.

The **Detroit, Mich.,** branch will sell 5,000 of the New Crusade buttons. Mayor Reading broke the seal on the box containing buttons on Tuesday, February 1, and purchased the first emblem.

At the annual meeting of the **Newport, R. I.,** branch held January 17 in Odd Fellows Hall, the following officers were elected: President, Thomas Matthews; vice-president, LeRoy Williams; treasurer, Linwood Faison; secretary, Francis King; and financial secretary, J. A. Bailey. The executive board members are: Mrs. Inez Tinsley, Miss Sadie Brown, Mrs. Arice Carson, Mrs. E. Belle, Mrs. Anna Rice, J. H. Burney, Richard W. King and James A. Suggs.

The **Yakima, Wash.,** branch elected the following officers for 1938: President, Ed. Porter; vice-president, Louis Scott; secretary, Clarence Emmonds; treasurer, Mrs. Pearl Braggs.

A musical review called "Harlem Follies" was presented at the new Sycamore theatre on February 11 by the colored citizens of the city. The musical review depicted both the serious and musical moods of the Negro. The show was given to meet a delinquent assessment of the **Terre Haute, Ind.,** branch to the national office.

The **Philadelphia, Pa.,** branch is investigating the "tear-gas death" of a Huntington Reformatory inmate, Daniel LaMaurr, 17, who died after being tear-gassed by reformatory officials for unruliness.

The **Petersburg, Va.,** branch held its monthly meeting January 15 at the community center. A membership drive was opened.

Dean William Pickens addressed a mass meeting at the A.M.E. Zion church on February 3. The meeting marked the beginning of a local campaign to enlist members for the new local branch in **New Bedford, Mass.** The preparation work for the branch drive was done by the racial relations committee under Miss Elizabeth G. Wilson.

Dean William Pickens spoke at the Hopewell Baptist church Friday, February 4, under the auspices of the **Hartford, Conn.,** branch.

A mass meeting sponsored by the Milwaukee Scottsboro Defense committee and the **Milwaukee, Wis.,** branch, was held Sunday, January 23 in Liberty Hall. The meeting was called to commemorate the death of Mrs. Patterson, mother of Haywood Patterson, one of the Scottsboro boys.

The newly elected officers of the **Pasadena, Calif.,** branch installed at a meeting at Scott Methodist church January 23 were: Carl Anderson, president; Father A. F. Wilkins, vice-president; Milton Grooms, secretary; and Ernest Griffin, treasurer.

At a mass meeting on January 25, the **Danville, Ill.,** branch discussed plans for a carnival to be held at Marlatt's Hall on the night of February 11. Many local civic and social organizations will cooperate with the branch in this activity.

The **New Orleans, La.,** branch elected the following members to the executive committee at a recent meeting: J. E. Gayle, John D. Brown, S. W. Green, the Rev. A. D. Dixon, C. C. Dejoie, George Long, the Rev. H. H. Dunn, the Rev. C. C. Taylor, the Rev. W. T. Handy, the Rev. G. H. Hendricks, L. D. Reddick, George McDemmon, Harold C. Gilbert and the Rev. S. A. Duncan. Dr. A. W. Brazier, president of the branch, presided.

The **Tucson, Ariz.,** branch held its monthly meeting at Prince chapel, A.M.E. church, January 16.

29th Annual Conference
Columbus, O., June 28-July 3

25 Years with N.A.A.C.P.

ARCHIE L. WEAVER

When January 7, 1938 rolled around Captain Weaver completed twenty-five years of service with the officially chartered Chicago, Ill., branch of the N.A.A.C.P., but his actual service with the association dates from 1910 when a committee of the N.A.A.C.P. was formed in Chicago.

To the great regret of his many friends in Chicago and over the country, and to the special regret of the national office staff, ill health has forced Capt. Weaver to retire from active service with the branch, although he will always be available for consultation.

During his long and busy career with the Chicago branch and with numerous other community organizations in the Windy City, Mr. Weaver has had well-deserved honors bestowed upon him. For a period of ten years he handled all the secretarial work of the branch, and during a portion of that time served as financial secretary. He developed a card index system for memberships that drew praise from the New York office for its completeness and accuracy. In 1933, he was awarded a medal for distinguished service by the branch, for twenty continuous years of work.

As soon as he determined to join the then new association, Capt. Weaver went at the work with his usual devotion and thoroughness. For many years, in the early days, his home was the only office the branch had. Here he kept the records and typed out his own correspondence. On many a night has he been roused from bed by the call of someone in need of the aid of the N.A.A.C.P.

Mr. Weaver is now in his twenty-ninth year as a postal employe. One of his first acts after the organization of the branch was to interest the members of the Phalanx club in the N.A.A.C.P. He and four other men founded the Phalanx, which is composed of postal workers. At Mr. Weaver's invitation the late Dr. Charles E. Bentley, pioneer worker in the association, addressed the Phalanx club and Weaver solicited memberships. A goodly proportion of the branch membership, for years, was made up of federal employes, due largely to the untiring efforts of Capt. Weaver. When he completed 21 years of postal service his fellow employes gave him a loving cup as a mark of their esteem.

From the very beginning, Mr. Weaver has been a staunch supporter of THE CRISIS. He believes that every member of the N.A.A.C.P. should be a subscriber to the official association magazine. "If they read THE CRISIS," he declares, "they cannot help but renew their membership year after year, for it keeps them in touch with the great work our association is doing." In 1914, when THE CRISIS was $1 a year, Mr. Weaver personally solicited 60 subscriptions and surprised the magazine with a check for the lump sum.

During his long career the N.A.A.C.P. has held its annual conference in Chicago three times, Capt. Weaver has visited the national office on several occasions, and every national officer has visited Chicago. His home is known for its hospitality and culture. In his library of 2,000 volumes are to be found nearly all the important books on the Negro. Capt. Weaver has been an active Sunday school superintendent, and is a Past Master of the Masons, also a member of the Elks. He is president of the Second Ward Improvement association and has served in many other civic, fraternal and religious movements. Capt. Weaver was born on a farm in Grant county, Indiana and is a product of the Marion, Ind., public schools, the Marion Business college, and Howard university. He is married and lives at 3655 Prairie avenue.

Capt. Weaver writes the national office that he retires from active N.A.A.C.P. work with the greatest reluctance, but his health dictates his action. Just to show, however, that he is not exactly an invalid, he reported $125 in the winter campaign of the Chicago branch, five dollars for each of his twenty-five years of service with the N.A.A.C.P.

29th Annual Conference
Columbus, O., June 28-July 3

N.A.A.C.P. Youth Council News

Sixty-two Meetings in Twenty-six States Protest Filibuster

The Second National Youth Demonstration Against Lynching, February 11, was the occasion for a nation-wide protest against the filibuster and the silence of President Roosevelt in the fight to pass the anti-lynching bill. Sixty-two youth councils, college chapters, and their senior branches in twenty-six states held public demonstrations.

In a number of other communities, although public meetings were not sponsored, youth and adult members of the association wore black armbands as a sign of mourning for the eight men lynched in 1937, and sold the New Crusade for Liberty buttons to raise funds for carrying on the work of the association.

A last minute feature of the nation-wide meetings was the reading of a special message sent by Walter White from Washington. In response, from the meetings held, hundreds of telegrams were sent to President Roosevelt and to various senators, urging that the bill not be sidetracked.

South Joins Protest

Southern and southwestern communities joined the protest this year. Among them were: Atlanta, Georgia; St. Petersburg, Florida; Houston, Texas; Louisville, Kentucky; Monroe, Louisiana; Tulsa, Oklahoma; Richmond and Roanoke, Virginia; Charleston and Montgomery, West Virginia; St. Louis, Missouri; and Gastonia, N. C.

Among other communities cooperating were: Gary, Marion and Indianapolis, Ind.; Newark, East Orange, Montclair, Rahway, and Plainfield, N. J.; Portsmouth, Youngstown, Newark, Cleveland, Toledo, and Canton, Ohio; Chickasha, Oklahoma; New York City, Brooklyn, Rochester, White Plains, Jamaica, and Albany, N. Y.; Springfield, Mass.; Philadelphia, Media, Swarthmore, and Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania; Oakland, California; Detroit, Port Huron, Michigan; Topeka, Kansas; Des Moines, Iowa; and Chicago, Illinois.

Among the colleges cooperating were: Houston college for Negroes, Houston, Texas; Paine college, Augusta, Georgia; West Virginia State college, Institute, West Virginia; Morgan college, Baltimore, Maryland; Kentucky State college, Frankfort, Kentucky; Miles Memorial college, Birmingham, Alabama; Talladega college, Talladega, Alabama; Lincoln university, Pennsylvania; Langston university, Langston, Oklahoma; and Shaw university, Raleigh, North Carolina.

Walter White Sees Rise of Fascism

Walter White, executive secretary of the association, speaking at the anti-lynching mass meeting of the Philadelphia, Pa., youth council, February 11 at the McDowell Community church, predicted the gradual rise of a Fascist government should the small minority in the Senate succeed in the filibuster and sidetrack the anti-lynching bill.

Over 100 telegrams were sent from the meeting. Others appearing on the program were: Dr. Harry Greene, president of the senior branch; Miss Marion Wilson, president of the youth council; Messrs. John Perdue, Herbert E. Millen, Theodore Spaulding, and Raymond Pace Alexander. Miss Frances Gardiner was mistress of ceremonies. The mass meeting was preceded by a stop lynching parade. Mrs. Annie McDougald is adviser of the group.

1,000 March in Harlem Parade

More than one thousand youth and adult members of nearly 200 civic, fraternal, religious and recreational organizations, marched through Harlem, February 11 in a stop-lynching parade, sponsored by the United Youth Committee Against Lynching.

One of the features of the parade was a group of small boys from the YMCA carrying the sign, "We Don't Want to Grow Up to be Lynched." A group of young women draped in black mourning veils carried the sign "We Mourn the 8 Lynched Last Year."

The parade ended with a mass meeting at the Mother A.M.E. Zion Church, at which Charles H. Houston, special counsel of the association, James H. Robinson of Union Theological seminary, Rev. A. Clayton Powell, Jr., of Abyssinian Baptist church, were speakers. Miss Dorothy Height, chairman of the United Youth Committee Against Lynching, presided.

Dean Pickens Scores Southern Senators

"The southern senators are afraid to have the bill passed for the sole reason that they are afraid that they would not have such a hold on the colored people in their states as they have now," declared Dean William Pickens, director of branches of the association, as he spoke at the anti-lynching demonstration February 11 at the Bethel A.M.E. church in Baltimore, Md.

The meeting, jointly sponsored by the youth council, senior branch, and the City-Wide Young People's Forum, saw a large attendance in spite of a snow storm. It was the occasion for a protest against Senator Radcliffe of Maryland who voted against cloture of the debate on the anti-lynching bill.

The following are condensed accounts of some of the meetings held. In all cases telegrams were sent to Washington:

Toledo, Ohio: With James Day taking the part of Vice-President John Nance Garner, and Charles Ward and John Anderson as two of the filibustering senators, the Toledo, Ohio, youth council presented a "March of Time" on the anti-lynching bill fight at their meeting February 13 at the Indiana avenue Y.M.C.A.

(Continued on next page)

Speakers at the North Detroit Youth Council Fellowship Dinner last fall: left to right, George R. Hoagland, L. C. Blount, Eugene Hall, Fred Berkowitz, Lucille Durham, Alfonso Rodriques, Nesbit B. Patton, Ardrick Phillingames, Lavenia Bright and Viola Phillingames

J. B. Simmons was the principal speaker. Miss Ethel Law presided. The message from Walter White was read. The youth council spring membership campaign will begin on March 1.

Brooklyn, N. Y.: Several hundred Negro and white members of various Brooklyn, N. Y., civic. religious, and political organizations marched on Lincoln-Douglas Day in a parade sponsored by the Brooklyn youth council to protest the filibuster against the anti-lynch bill.

The parade was headed by the Boy Scouts Bugle and Drum Corps of Concord Bapt church. Several hundred persons lined up in front of the reviewing stand on the steps of the Alexander Hamilton High school where later a mass meeting was held in the school auditorium. With Miss Virginia Anderson, chairman of the demonstration, presiding, the meeting was opened at 4 p.m. Roy Wilkins, assistant secretary of the association and editor of THE CRISIS, was the guest-speaker. Other speakers were Leonard Yard, president of the youth council, Alexander F. Miller, president of the senior branch, Herbert Hewton, Rev. John M. Coleman, and Rev. T. S. Harten.

Chicago, Ill.: The youth council held a No More Lynching Parade, February 12, stopping at principal street corners throughout the city for open air meetings. Postal cards and petitions were distributed and interested persons were urged to send telegrams to Washington. Petitions were distributed the entire week before the parade. The New Crusade for Liberty buttons were sold in the lobbies of theaters and in principal stores.

Albany, N. Y.: Assemblyman Robert F. Wagner, jr., son of one of the sponsors of the Gavagan-Wagner-VanNuys anti-lynching bill, was the speaker at the anti-lynching demonstration of the Albany, N. Y., youth council, February 10. He stressed the political significance of the anti-lynching bill fight. Rev. R. S. Pitts emphasized the moral importance of a persistent fight for the bill's passage. The youth council, under the leadership of the president, K. Leroy Irvis, secured city-wide cooperation in promoting the meeting from churches, newspapers, radio stations, and even public schools. The council recently cooperated in sponsoring the appearance of the Scottsboro boys in Albany.

Gary, Ind.: Under the leadership of George A. Gatlin, president of the Gary, Indiana, youth council, an anti-lynching mass meeting was held at the Israel C. M. E. church, February 11. T. B. Watkins of Kansas City, Mo., was the featured speaker. The meeting was preceded by a parade.

Cleveland, O.: Dr. Clarence Schettler, professor of sociology at Western Reserve university, spoke on "Lynching and Its Moral Effect on Young America" at the meeting of the Cleveland, O., youth council February 11 at St. John's A.M.E. church. Youth council members presented a dramatic skit written by Robert Williams entitled "Kill That Bill." Rev. Glenn T. Settle, director of the Cleveland weekly feature over the Columbia Broadcasting system "Wings Over Jordan," discussed the subject "What Are *WE* Doing About Lynching?" M. O. Walker, president of the senior branch, spoke briefly. Miss Ardelia Bradley, chairman of the program committee presided. Many telegrams were sent to Washington from the meeting. Mrs. Beatrice Bates is president of the youth council and Miss L. Pearl Mitchell, sponsor.

Tulsa, Okla.: The youth council of Tulsa. Oklahoma, held an anti-lynching mass meeting February 13 at the First Baptist church. Among the speakers were Primas Wade, C. D. Tate, president of the senior branch, Rev. W. A. Jennings, pastor of Vernon A.M.E. church, Charles Bright, president of the Tulsa Christian youth council, Mrs. Ina Woods of the International Labor Defense and Julius Moran, president of the youth council. Dr. Marc Moreland presided. The Booker T. Washington high school chorus rendered special music. Mrs. Mary T. Williams is adviser of the group.

St. Petersburg, Fla.: The youth council has been cooperating with the senior branch in a campaign to secure a colored representative on the committee that is drawing plans for building a Negro federal housing unit. The youth council has sent telegrams to President Roosevelt and to Florida senators urging the passage of the anti-lynching bill. One thousand buttons are being sold by the members.

Boston, Mass.: Under the direction of Reynolds Costa, the youth council has continued its promotion of bi-monthly radio broadcasts, as a part of its educational program. During January and the first part of February. the broadcasts were devoted to a discussion of the various phases of the anti-lynching bill fight. The *a capella* choir, under the direction of T. Henry Johnson, has rendered music for these broadcasts.

On February 13, Henri Deas addressed the Aristo Club on the anti-lynching bill. Seaton Manning spoke to a white youth group in Roxboro while Miss Myrtle G. Campbell addressed the Young People's Society of the First Episcopal church. One thousand buttons are being sold by the youth council in the New Crusade for Liberty campaign. The youth council is cooperating with the senior branch in its fight to pass House Bill 459 in the state legislature which makes it illegal for public utilities to discriminate in the hiring of employes.

Talledega, Ala.: A dramatization of the burlesque type, picturing the filibuster in the senate on the anti-lynching bill was a feature of the anti-lynching demonstration of the college chapter February 11 on the campus of Talladega college, Alabama. Rev. Mr. Ervine Inglis, the college pastor, made the main speech. Mrs. Vivian Osborne Marsh, national president of the Delta Theta sorority, who was visiting the campus, related her recent experiences in Washington where she had lobbied for the bill. One hundred and fifty stop-lynching buttons were sold and black armbands worn.

Houston, Tex.: The college chapter and youth council held a joint demonstration against lynching February 11 at the chapel hour, in the auditorium of the Houston college for Negroes. Black armbands were worn by students throughout the day and the New Crusade for Liberty buttons sold. Prior to the day of the demonstration, Dean Harold Lanier permitted the holding of informal classes for one week for the purpose of discussing the lynching problem. I. B. Bryant, the instructor of history, conducted the classes.

Frankfort, Ky.: Under the leadership of Burghardt Turner, Kentucky State college devoted its chapel hour on February 11 to an observance of the National Youth Demonstration Against Lynching.

Mr. Turner organized a United Student Committee Against Lynching composed of representatives of the leading campus organizations. It was this committee that promoted the demonstration. The Inter-Fraternal council furnished funds for the necessary expenses. J. A. Thomas, executive secretary of the Louisville Urban League and Dr. P. O. Sweeney, president of the Louisville branch N.A.A.C.P., were the principal speakers. President Atwood spoke briefly. Anti-lynching armbands were worn. Pictures of lynching were posted on all campus bulletin boards. Out of the interest stimulated through the anti-lynching demonstration is evolving a college chapter of the association.

Plainfield, N. J.: The plans of the Plainfield, N. J., youth council for boycotting local A. and P. stores in neighborhoods where the population is largely colored for their refusal to employ Negro clerks are rapidly nearing completion. The community has been aroused and housewives are ready to act. In the meantime, those young people interested in qualifying for positions as A. and P. clerks, are being enrolled, their qualifications studied and training given.

The youth council observed the demonstration against lynching February 11 at a basketball game and dance. During the intermission, lights were dimmed and a dramatic skit on lynching presented.

Institute, W. Va.: The college community of West Virginia State college was thoroughly aroused over the fight for the passage of the anti-lynching bill through the efforts of the college chapter of which Philip Waring is president. The chapter sent letters to sixteen large southern white colleges and universities urging that telegrams and letters be sent to Washington protesting the filibuster. Later, at the suggestion of President John W. Davis, the chapter furnished envelopes, paper, and stamps for thirty students who wrote individual letters to their parents in Eastern and mid-western states urging them to get ten of their neighbors to wire senators demanding the passage of the anti-lynching bill. An anti-lynching skit dramatizing the filibuster in the Senate was the feature of the anti-lynching demonstration on February 11 held at the chapel hour.

Jamaica, N. Y.: More than three hundred marchers wearing black armbands and carrying anti-lynch signs, led by Frank Turner, Jr., paraded through the main streets of Jamaica in a protest against the prolonged filibuster in the senate. At 8 p.m., a meeting was held at the Allen A.M.E. church where Miss Juanita E. Jackson, director of youth work of the association, addressed an enthusiastic audience.

Youngstown, O.: The youth council held a meeting against lynching February 11 at the Oak Hill A.M.E. church. Rev. J. C. McClendon was the speaker.

Topeka, Kansas: The committee is progressing with its membership campaign and plans to secure its youth council charter. A meeting was held recently with the president, Elisha Scott, of the senior branch, who emphasized the need of attacking segregation in Topeka. Miss Gene King is president of the council, Miss Ruth Patterson, secretary, and Miss Mabel Patterson, adviser.

Shaw University: The college chapter is in the midst of a button sale and membership campaign. On February 11, the National Youth Demonstration Against Lynching was observed in the chapel hour with a special speaker on the lynching problem.

The college chapter organization committee of *Bowie State Normal school* is in the midst of a sale of one thousand stop-lynching buttons. The National Youth Demonstration Against Lynching was observed by students on Friday, February 11.

Rochester, N. Y.: The council held an anti-lynching mass meeting and dance on February 10.

President Valentine of Bordentown Industrial Training School spoke for the *Montclair, N. J.*, youth council January 30 at Washington street Y.M.C.A. on the subject: "The Increasing Competition for Jobs."

Muskogee, Okla.: The youth council sold the New Crusade for Liberty buttons at the state teachers association meeting February 10. Anti-lynching armbands were worn.

Conjure Man

(*Continued from page* 82)

light like so many snakes. On either side of her there spread a dense mass of bushes, tangled grasses, dipping willows whose feathery leaves caressed the black bayou waters, indistinguishable now in the blackness.

At the foot of the tree Samba stood still. The deathly silence filled her ears and her heart. The trees and the bushes, save for those that had lately been stirred by her passing, stood like immovable shadows, merging into indissoluble blackness. The yellow flame of the lantern lighted up the ripples in the stygian waters at her feet. A few paces away a bull-frog croaked and plopped suddenly into the inky depth.

Samba tried to stand bravely erect, but the horror and fear of the place bore down her shoulders. A cold, unseen hand was pressing her down, down, upon her knees. She opened her mouth to speak the charm. Once—twice—thrice—before the words finally came:

"Speerits of the air, go to my bedroom, lif' up de hearth-stones, an' lif' de curse, an' bless what's hid beneath it."

Half expecting a ghostly reply, she stopped. A bird roused bv the unaccustomed noise chirped sleepily from the trees.

After the third cry, Samba sank down breathless. Would she have the courage to call on the spirits of the air to put the curse upon her enemy? For five minutes she sat at the foot of the cypress tree, panting, gasping, striving to command her voice. At last, she cried:

"Sperrits of the air, set fire to Mark Wesson's new house tonight an' burn it to ashes!"

Utterance of the wish gave strength to her vindictive nature, so that the second and the third times her voice was strong and confident.

When the preying, crouching silence had sprung upon and overpowered the last echo of her voice, Sambra rose to her feet. Bracing herself against the tree trunk, she dropped the three tokens into the water. The hair slid from her grasp like something alive, twining and clutching at her fingers. The pebble-weighted fringe met the water with a soft splash. A thin, swishing sound told of the meeting of the water and the letter.

As the last token fell, Samba was startled by the sudden snapping of a twig behind her. For a second she forgot her perilous position on the edge of the bayou. Then, cautiously, she stepped out of danger and looked around. Nothing was visible beyond the circle of light cast by the lantern. Picking up the lantern, she turned to go, only to remember that she must remain where she was for forty-five minutes more of fear and terror.

She sank down at the foot of the giant tree, took the watch out of her pocket, and waited—waited—waited. Thrice she screamed aloud; once when an owl in a nearby tree hooted, another time when something long and black with shiny eyes slithered by her in the bayou waters, and a third time when a sudden breeze shook the willow tree close beside her.

But all things come to an end. When forty-five minutes finally crept away, Samba discovered by the watch that it was exactly midnight. Trembling and quivering she made her way back, muttering, laughing, crying, babbling. When she reached the familiar open road, her legs doubled under her body, and she sank weak and helpless in the dust. Great sobs shook her, and tears rained down to mingle with the powdery yellow dust.

Suddenly, her sobbing ceased. A distant, angry red glow in the skies attracted her attention. The fiery red was in the direction of home. Chuckling, Samba scrambled to her feet. It was a fire, that's what it was. It must be Mark Wesson's place. The charm was undoubtedly working.

A sudden ecstasy made her forgetful of the experience through which she had passed. Wild, mad exultation lent speed to her feet. However, when she arrived at the scene of the fire, the crowd was already scattering. Nothing remained of Wesson's house but a few charred rafters, glowing tin and red hot nails.

Samba mingled with the crowd so naturally that each group thought she had been with some other group during the entire excitement. She was one of the most sympathetic who spoke to Mark and his family, and she even wrung Amanda's hand in commiseration.

Day was breaking when Samba, the last of the spectators, turned her back on the smoking ashes and smouldering rafters, to enter her own house. As she stepped into her bedroom, her first impulse was to turn up the irregular stones forming the hearth, in order to ascertain whether her treasure still rested in its hiding place. Exhaustion lay so heavily upon her, however, that after a glance to satisfy herself that the stones were in their usual position, she made ready for bed.

IT was noon when a sudden loud sound, repeated at irregular intervals, aroused Samba out of a heavy sleep. Drowsily, stupid with fatigue, she raised herself on her elbow to listen. The door was slamming in the kitchen. Climbing out of the high bed, she padded barefoot into the next room. A high wind had risen, and was playing havoc with the things in the kitchen, as the rear door swung noisily to and fro. Pulling the door shut, Samba attempted to lock it. A sudden look of surprise swept over her countenance. Then dismay and fear struggled for mastery of her senses.

"Fo' God, dis lock's been broke!"

What did it mean? She knew that she had locked the door before leaving. Never in all the years of her life had she failed to do so. Had some one broken in, under cover of the fire? She had nothing anyone would want. A sudden constriction of her throat made her gasp for breath. Suppose—

Loosing her hold on the door, Samba flew back to her bed-room, knelt by the hearth and began wildly pawing the stones out of place. Finally they were all thrown back, all over the small room. To Samba's eyes was revealed what had once been a hole, filled with fresh dirt. Screaming she sprang to her feet and seized a small fire-shovel leaning in one corner of the chimney. As she picked it up, she became aware of bits of fresh, damp dirt clinging to it. Sobbing wildly, talking brokenly, she stuck the shovel into the soil, which, piled loosely, allowed it to sink down, down, down. Desperately she shoveled out pile after pile of loose earth until there was left only a yawning, oblong cavity.

Weak and sick she sank weeping to the floor. No spirits had done this trick to her. The broken lock, the earth-smeared shovel, and the dirt-filled hole told her better. She had done everything Elias had said. Elias— She checked her sobbing. She sat open-mouthed. Elias—Elias—

With sudden resolution she rose to her feet and began to dress. Now and then she went to the window to look out. Yes, it would rain soon, but she would go. She had to.

A few seconds later, having made the back door fast with a piece of rope, she was on her way to Elias' shack. The first drops of rain were falling as she knocked at his door.

Surprise and great interest shone in Elias' eyes as he opened the door and saw Samba standing on the step. He took her umbrella and assisted her out of the old raincoat she wore.

"Set down! Set down, Samba, I didn't 'spect you 'fo' night. Set down!"

"No, Elias, dis ain't setting down time. I done come to ask you where my treasure be."

"Yo' treasure? Hain't hit whah—"

"No, it aint, an' somehow I believes you know dat it ain't."

"Now, Samba, I hain't looked in de crystal, an' I hain't t'ought of you sense I put your affair in de hain's of de sperrits. Ef yo' treasure's gone, de sperrits seed fit to tek hit. You bettah thank yo' God dey let you off so easy!"

"Dat's a lie! No sperrits got my money."

"Keerful, keerful! Don't you talk to no conjure man lak dat. Is you lost yo' min'?"

"Los' my min'? Los' my min'?" Samba's voice rose to a shriek. "Los' my min' w'en I ain't got nary a cent in dis worl' an' nary a one to gib me a penny? Los' my min'?"

"Huh! Dat ain't so, an' you knows hit. Whah's dat strappin' boy you still got? Let 'im do somethin' for you."

Samba's voice took on a pleading strain. "Elias, set down an' look in dat crystal an' tell me where my money is."

"Woman, does you want to git found out? How could you 'count for having so much money, even if you knowed who had it now? What kind of a tale would you tell, an ' mek any reasonin' person believe it? Ansuh me dat."

Samba sat in silence, head bowed in her hands. Suddenly, a gasp of astonishment tore from between her lips. With a scream she dropped on her knees, and grabbed from the grimy floor an object which had drawn her attention.

"Look! look, Elias!" She waved a long, clumsy, old-fashioned copper key, on whose dull surface glowed three long scratches.

At sight of the key, Elias, who had stepped to Samba's side, recoiled and seized the edge of the table to steady himself. His jaws worked, but he made no sound.

"Dis is de key to dat box, Elias! I knows it by dese scratches what I made de las' time I opened de box. Bob took de key an' de lock from his mother's old armoire."

Samba rose to her feet and faced the conjure man, who was drawing all his wits together for the final cursing of the old woman.

"You got my money yo'self," Samba babbled. "I unnerstan' evahthing now. You wanted me to take de long way to de cypress tree las' night, so's you could go de shortest way, and hide behind the bushes an' hear all I was sayin', and then you lit out fo' my house— Gib me back my money!" Her words ended in a wild screech. Elias turned his back on her, and walked to the blackened, littered fireplace.

"An' you set fire to Mark Wesson's place, to fool me into thinkin' sperrits did it," Samba wailed, twisting her hands. "You was probably hidin' somewhere about Mistah Joe's house that night they burned it down. You an' he was moughty thick at dat time. You just been waitin' a chance all dese years to git even 'thout hurtin' yo'self. You was too scared of Bob to do anything while he lived. You ain't seed nothin' in de crystal, atall."

Composed once more, Elias turned toward Samba.

"Well, what ef all you say *is* true?" he demanded. "What kin you do about it?"

"Do?" screamed Samba. "Do? I'll have de law on you, an' have yo' 'rested fo' de thievin', house-burnin' scoundrel you is! Dat's what I'll do!"

"An ef you does dat to *me,* jes' what does you 'spec' I'll do to you?" Elias drawled, insolently.

"You—you—wouldn't tell on me, Elias?" quavered the woman.

Clapping his hands to his head, Elias teetered back and forth, roaring with laughter.

"Lissen to dis woman talk. She gwine turn me over to de p'leece, an' yit I mustn't say nothin' 'bout her, under no circumstances. Ain't dat rich!" His voice choked in another outburst of loud laughter.

Samba sank down on the chair. The room with all its grotesque furnishings whirled round and round her. As through a fog, and at an immeasurable distance, she heard Elias' voice.

"Now, I got de upper han', Samba, but I gwine be generous. O yes, I gwine be generous. I'll keep de money, an' your secret, too. Youse an' ole woman, now, an' ain't got much longer to live. Dat boy o' yourn kin keep yo' the three, four years yo' got to live. But membah dis," as he shook his dirty finger in her face, "Efn you, or anyone meks one move agin me, I'll tell everything, from A to izzard."

He moved to one side, still keeping his beady eyes on Samba's terrified face.

"Furthermore, I got it all wrote out, an' done put it where it kin be got in case anything happens to me, 'fore anything happens to you. Co'se, I won't use it, onless push comes to shove, you onnerstand."

Moaning into her apron which she had thrown over her face, Samba rocked slowly back and forth.

Crossing the floor, Elias threw open the door, admitting the pelting rain.

"Heah, put on yo' coat, ole woman. Time to be on your way. Come on! Git out! Take your umbrella!"

Samba, her coat hung crookedly about her shoulders, stumbled over the rotted door-sill. The door slammed behind her. Dazedly, mechanically, she raised her umbrella against the slashing rain drops, and crept off through the wet grass.

The End.

Little Brown Boy

By Gwendolyn Brooks

Little brown boy
That used to be so cheery—
Why you look so sad now?
Why you cryin', dearie?
A white child called you "darky?"
Don't you mind that, son!
Why, that should make you proud!—
Wasn't Dunbar one?
And Booker Washington,
They called him "darky" too;
But he didn't shed no bitter tears
Nor whine around like you.
And they called Douglass "darky"—
But he was very wise;
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New York Age

(*Continued from page* 75)

calibre of its correspondents, both regular and special. In Washington, for instance, it had the advantage of weekly contributions from Robert H. Terrell, afterward judge of the municipal court; Archibald H. Grimke, at one time Consul at San Domingo City; Edwin L. Thornton, for many years in the Department of Commerce; Willis T. Menard of the Public Printer's Office. Today, Dean Kelly Miller and Dr. Carter G. Woodson are regular contributors from that city. From Chicago, Mrs. Fannie Barrier Williams wrote of doings in the western metropolis. Pointed articles from Boston came from the pen of Butler R. Wilson. From Philadelphia, John S. Durham, while on the editorial staff of the Philadelphia *Evening Bulletin,* wrote a weighty column.

When Dr. W. E. B. DuBois was in high school in Great Barrington, Mass., from 1881 to 1884 he acted as agent and correspondent for the three papers which were the forerunners of *The Age* and later as a student in Germany he sent a series of letters to *The Age* which would bear re-reading now. James Weldon Johnson was a contributing editor and there were such other well-known contributors as Lewis H. Latimer, William H. A. Moore, Ida B. Wells-Barnett and Victoria Earl Matthews. Floyd J. Calvin, editor of the Calvin News Service, also started on *The New York Age*. Servicing 126 newspapers in the country, he also conducts a column in his "alma mater".

Another feature about *The Age* which deserves mention is the number of men connected with it who have been called at one time or another to public service. The paper seems to have served as a sort of training school for officeholding in one capacity or another. Two of its editors, Fred R. Moore in 1912 and Lester A. Walton in 1935, have been appointed United States Ministers to Liberia and two to consulships in foreign countries. One was given a roving commission as a special agent of the Treasury department to report upon foreign encroachments in Hawaii and the Philippines. Two of its contributors became consuls and one was promoted to Minister to Haiti. One columnist filled several state offices and finally became a Collector of Internal Revenue. Another became a supervising post office official. Probably there are others who have graduated from newspaper work to public service in the same way, as the newspaper gives excellent training for any position involving contact with the public, but no other Negro newspaper can point to such a distinguished group of men who have held public office as were graduated from its ranks. The most recent contributor to *The New York Age* to be elevated in public office is James A. Bough, now United States District Attorney for the Virgin Islands.

Has Fought for Race

Taking the lead where others feared to tread, *The Age* in 1929 came out for Negro leadership of the political machines in the 19th assembly district, Manhattan, at that time populated by 80 percent Negro voters with white men as leaders of both the Republican and Democratic organizations. Through the fight led by Editor Fred R. Moore, then Republican alderman of the 19th district, *The Age* aroused so much sentiment for Negro leadership that Colonel Charles W. Fillmore became the first Negro district leader in the city as executive member of the Central Republican club. That barrier broken down, Negroes have since that time maintained the Republican leadership of the district. Division in Democratic ranks in the same district has resulted in continuation of white leadership in that district. Again in 1935 when Democrats in the 21st assembly district were making an effort to elect a Negro leader, it was *The Age* which helped the fight, calling a conference of warring Negro factions which resulted in the choice of Herbert L. Bruce as the first Negro leader of Democrats in the city.

On the business front, *The Age* has fought consistently for job opportunities for Negroes. In the fall of 1934, when the Citizens' League for Fairplay was organized to fight for white collar jobs for Negroes. In the fall of 1934, when it was *The Age* which publicized the fight and by editorials and news stories took the leadership. Victory was won after a struggle of less than two months and as a result Negroes are now employed in practically every store on 125th street.

With a slogan "First With The News", the paper has consistently maintained its reputation of being the first

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The National Negro Insurance Association reported for 1936:

—Assets of $17,434,075.07
—Income of $15,061,347.72
—Insurance in force: $288,963,070.00
—Policies in force: 1,643,125
—Ordinary Insurance: $80,106,234
—Industrial Insurance: $181,961,766.63.
—Health and Accident Insurance: $26,895,069.37
—Employment: 8,150 Negroes
—Policies issued and Revived in 1936: $174,112,773.00
—Increased business, 1936: $65,645,466
—Increase in policies, 1936: 251,047

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paper on the streets with the news while it is still news. When the riots of March, 1935, occurred, it was the photographers, editors and writers of *The New York Age* who were first on the scene. One hour after the riot broke out, that Tuesday night, *The Age* was out on the streets with all the dramatic details up to the minute. Before the rioting had abated, five extra editions, carrying pictures, were published within a three-day period to keep readers informed. Forgetting sleep and snatching nourishment occasionally, the entire office and mechanical force stayed on duty for 72 hours with only occasional cat-naps to bring out the news while it was still news.

In the fight to break down the color bar against Negroes in New York City's hospitals, *The Age* is playing a prominent part. And true to its tradition, *The Age* and its staff stand ready at all times to fight for the best for the Negro. Nothing less will satisfy. Fighting does not always make for friends and yet *The Age* is not without friends, each week being read by more than 28,000 of them who either subscribe for the paper or buy it from newsstands or agents, for they know that when they read it in *The New York Age* they can depend upon it as being truthful, authoritative and reliable.

And approaching its 53rd year of continuous publication, *The New York Age* reaffirms its policy of accuracy and dependability of its news, being first with the news, and championing the cause of the Negro to greater heights.

Book Reviews

ONE AMERICAN: AND HIS ATTEMPT AT EDUCATION by Frazier Hunt. Simon & Schuster, New York, N. Y. $3.00.

Frazier Hunt has certainly had a colorful 50-odd years of life and he writes about them superbly in his autobiography called "One American."

As a newspaper man Mr. Hunt's job has taken him to all sections of the world and in his travels he was brought into intimate contact with kings and revolutionaries. He has probably witnessed more world-shaking events than any man living today and in his book he describes these events with marked ability.

The story begins with the author's boyhood. It seems to me that this is the least important part of the whole story since it deals with the good time the author had as he was growing up.

After graduation, Mr. Hunt spent time in Mexico, returning later to Illinois to run a rural newspaper. From Illinois he moved on to New York and was finally sent to France as a foreign correspondent. This was during the year 1918. There followed some 20 years of experience abroad in every section of the continent. Mr. Hunt's account of his stay in Russia after the armistice was signed is a colorful story in itself. The many portraits he paints of famous people of our time add lustre to his ability as a journalistic artist. Mr. Hunt, in his narrative, alludes every now and then (as the full title shows) to his "attempt at education." His feeling is that whatever education he has secured began after he had left college and became a country editor with nothing more pressing to do than sit around and argue politics and economics with a Swedish shoemaker who happened to be a Socialist. From that point on, his education has continued. To my mind, "One American," is an excellent work by a journalist who ably reports upon the history seen, and the people he has known.

William Allen White, in an open letter to another country editor, observes: "In flesh and blood you have actually seen the things and done the things that we have only envisioned. But you have done them beautifully. Your stuff isn't going to cool off. Fifty or a hundred years from now, maybe longer than that, when the historians are looking for a true picture of the men and the times that dominated the earth in the second and third and fourth decades of this century, they are going back to this book 'One American' and pick up your story about Hitler in the hall bedroom and the dub he was there, and your sketch of Lenin in Moscow, and your snapshot of the puppet Emperor of Manchuria, and of the Prince of Wales who afterward gave his throne for his lady love."

This book is recommended as excellent educational reading.

E. FREDERIC MORROW

THE CHILD'S STORY OF THE NEGRO by Jane Dabney Shackleford. Associated Publishers, Washington, D. C. $1.40.

This book is a catechism of the traditions, aspirations, and achievements of the Negro race. Designed primarily for pupils of the elementary grades, the book serves as a guide for teachers who would make interesting and compelling, the saga of the Negro.

The author suggests in the introduction that all the material is motivated: "Each selection or group of selections is preceded by motivating and thought-provoking questions to stimulate the pupil's interest and understanding."

Illustrations have been included which tend to give the child a visual picture of the stories and poems he reads. This method is a boon to sustained interest.

It is believed that this work will supply a long felt want as regards interpreting the traditions of the Negro to and for juveniles of all races.

E. FREDERIC MORROW

Negro History Week Observed in Jamaica

The Jamaica, N. Y., branch held its second annual celebration of Negro History Week, February 6 to 13. The program opened on Sunday, February 6, when speakers from History Week committee visited the 20 Negro churches of Jamaica and told of the objects of the celebration and invited the members of the churches to attend the meetings. The art and literature exhibit was opened with a suitable program on Monday night. Numerous paintings and other objects of art by Negroes, mostly by local talent, were placed on display and continued throughout the week. Miss Augusta Savage, director of the Harlem Art Center, spoke Tuesday night. There were a number of objects by Miss Savage on exhibition. On Wednesday night Miss Melva L. Price, teacher at Wadleigh high school, spoke on Negro literature. On Thursday night a grand musical concert, entitled "A Night with Negro Composers," was given. Outstanding talent from New York and vicinity rendered the works of Negro composers. A Lincoln-Douglass celebration mass meeting was held on Friday night. Dr. Max Yergan was the principal speaker. Sunday, February 13 was interracial day. Letters had been written to all the white churches asking permission to have colored speakers at the meetings on that day. A number accepted and our speakers and musicians were received by crowded houses. Negro History Week has become an established annual event in Jamaica and has created great interest in the works and achievements of Negroes.

The St. Louis Teachers' Credit Union which is emancipating the city's teachers from the loan sharks has just declared a 6% dividend.

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CHARLES D. MURRAY

Mr. Murray, president of Murray's Superior Products Co., of Chicago, Ill., is the newly elected president of the Chicago branch of the N.A.A.C.P. He was born in Houston, Tex., and received his early training in Houston public schools. He came to Chicago in 1913 and was employed as a barber-porter by the Union Pacific Railroad, operating a buffet car as attendant and barber for three years.

Mr. Murray started his present business in 1924 while employed as a barber and to get his business under way, he barbered during the day and applied all his extra time to the founding of the now famous Murray's Superior Hair Pomade. It was during the years that he worked at the barber trade that he conceived the idea of a preparation for the hair that was absolutely harmless to the hair and scalp and that would make the hair lay smooth and straight. To perfect such a hair preparation took long hours of experimentation and chemical research over an extended period of time. It is history now that the product he completed was the first and only one of its kind when presented to the public. It was so good that not very long afterward practically every men's hair product was imitating or trying to imitate Murray's Hair Pomade.

The product's acceptance and approval by the public is evidenced by his company's sale of over five million cans in 1937, sold and distributed by over three hundred wholesale jobbers through nearly twelve thousand drug stores and by over seven thousand agents in rural communities.

Mr. Murray has devoted generously of his time and money to various civic and charitable enterprises. Besides being president of the Chicago Branch N.A.A.C.P., he is chairman of the finance committee of the Douglas Division, Boy Scouts of America, member of the board of directors of the Illinois Federal and Loan Association. His work among boys and youths borders on a hobby with him. He posts two outstanding trophies to be competed for annually by the Boy Scouts in one case and the Basketball League of the Y.M.C.A. in the other.

Mr. and Mrs. Murray returned to Chicago March 1 after a combined business and pleasure trip of two months, visiting California, the Canal Zone, Cuba, the West Indies and New York. The Murray's have one son, Charles D., Jr., 19, who is a senior at DuSaible high school in Chicago.

School News

Dr. E. M. Embree, **Rosenwald Foundation** president, headed the deliberations when the Council of Rural Education met at **Howard University** in January.

Kilmarnock, Va., is mighty proud of Dr. Morgan E. Norris, who has headed the committee which raised over $15,000 to pay for the elementary school building bearing his name.

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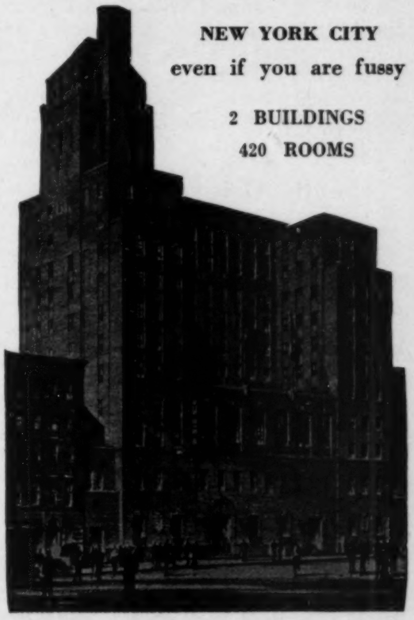

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It is urgent to make tentative reservations in the European groups immediately since steamer accommodations are being rapidly sold. Membership in all groups is limited.

ADVERTISING PAGES REMOVED

W. C. Handy Honored

The Birmingham *News-Age Herald* for Sunday, February 6, carried a full page in its magazine section on the life and compositions of W. C. Handy, "Father of the Blues." The piece is by James Saxon Childers.

During January at the American Fine Art Galleries in W. 57th Street, New York, a portrait of Mr. Handy by Miss Louise Schacht was on exhibition.

Mrs. E. N. Dent Dies

Mrs. E. N. Dent, the widow of the late E. N. Dent, died recently, at the age of eighty-three, at her home, Louisburg, North Carolina. Mrs. Dent, before her marriage was Lucy Long Shaw, the daughter of Matthew and Mary Shaw, pioneers of Presbyterianism in Louisburg, North Carolina. Mrs. Dent was the last of that family. Her brother, the late Dr. George C. Shaw, died January 1, 1936. The only descendants are fourteen grand-children, and a score of great-grand-children to carry on the educational work that began seventy years ago by the Shaw family.

South Africa Recognizes Wilberforce Institute

Bishop R. R. Wright, Jr., of the A. M. E. church, has announced the receipt of a letter from the Transvaal Educational Department stating that Wilberforce Institute in the Transvaal had been registered by the government. This means that Wilberforce in South Africa is the first institute of teacher training college on African soil to have an entire black staff.

Dreams

By Gwendolyn Brooks

Dreams, be dreams,
Never come true,
Never, never hurt me again!
Worse than never
Finding Beauty
Is watching Beauty wane.

Metallurgist with Republic Steel

JOHN T. ROZSA

During the past year and one-half John T. Rozsa has been employed on the general metallurgical staff of the Republic Steel Corporation under Mr. E. C. Smith. Mr. Rozsa as a member of the Research Department with laboratories at Massillon, Ohio, has been specializing in general ferrous corrosion although his duties also includes the other research developments now in progress in the department such as spectroscopy and chemical analysis. Mr. Rozsa is a graduate of the Michigan College of Mining and Technology where he was a member of the Debate team and the honorary scholastic fraternity, Tau Beta Pi.

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Writes Yale Play

Students and faculty members of Yale University Department of Drama at New Haven, Conn., presented on February 16 "Divine Comedy," a modern verse-drama, written by Owen Vincent Dodson of Brooklyn, N. Y., 22-year-old Negro student of playwriting.

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